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Lifestyles of



Ohio University
Athens, Ohio

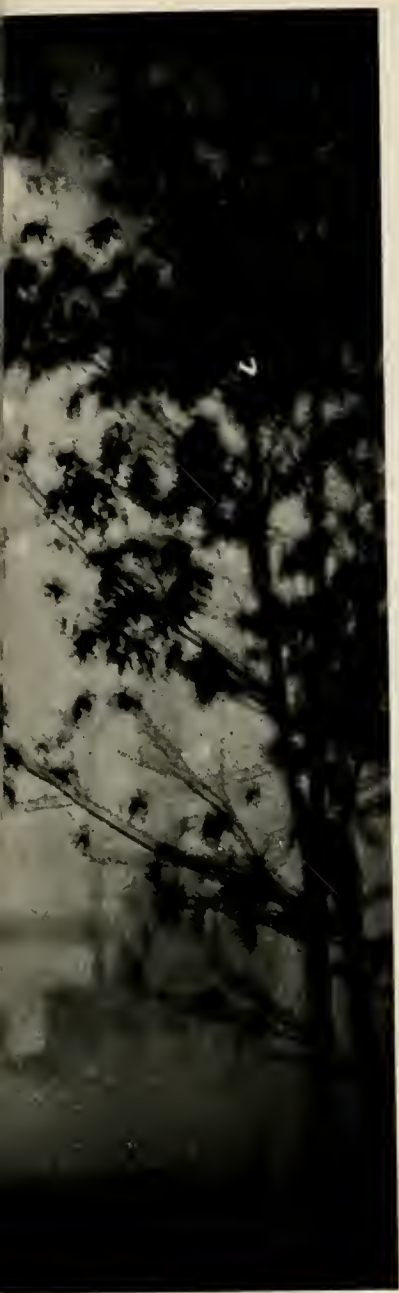
a University







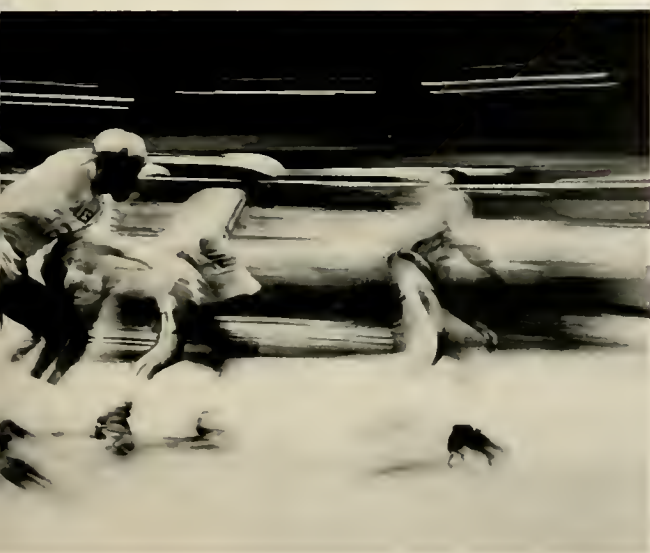
























A night on Factory St.

Besides the usual opening of school excitement, last year there was an added note. On September 23 members of the non-academic employees union went on strike. After ten highly charged days, both sides agreed to arbitration.

During the strike, there was a fear that the University would be forced to close because of a dwindling coal supply. The following is one writer's impression of the atmosphere on Factory Street as the Union attempted to block the arrival of new coal shipments:

Oh yeah, sure, said the little guy with the short hair, sure. He held a piece of board in his hand. It had nails in it and he swung it back and forth when somebody else spoke.

There were maybe 50, 60 people gathered around the entrance to Factory Street. Two trash fires were burning from oil drums. The flames made crackling noises. This was the night the University broke the strike. Everybody was smiling.

Until the University brought the trucks in, there was really nothing to do except sit around and try to keep warm. And watch the flames lick and curl and sputter.

Fire is a funny thing, you know. It awakens things in us that don't exist anymore. The campfire. The open hearth. The outdoors. We are not like that now and that is no good. Fire is not a gas stove flame nor is it a Blue Tip Match. But that's okay. Maybe we'll get a house with a fireplace someday.

Don't forget the marshmallows.

"Goddammit," someone was saying. He was angry because so few union men came out to join the lines.

"The bastards," hissed another.







Oscar McGee, president of Local 1699 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), shown here, was largely responsible for maintaining the spirit and conviction of the striking non-academic employees.



I asked the man next to me how many people he thought should have been out with them that night. He folded his arms and spat.

"Four hunnert. At least. Shit, man" he explained, "I call up these guys, you know, and their wife, their goddamn wife for chrissakes, gets on the phone and says 'well, Frankie's been awful sick, you know,' or 'gee, he ain't been home all day,' blah blah, blah. Always some pissant excuse."

He pawed the dirt with his foot. "They broke the union," he said, biting off every word, "sure as I'm standin' here. The dirty bastards. They all go to the fuckin' meetings and cheer and clap for a goddamn strike. That's okay. But when it comes to showin' how you feel, standing in the lines and getting their little rear ends frozen, no sir, 'I'm sick. I ain't been home all day.' That kind of crap.

"What the hell is Sowle or somebody gonna think drivin' past here and seein' 20 guys? He's gonna laugh, man! He's gonna say 'let's walk all over these jokers,'" he shook his head. "You know, it took a long time to build up this union. And it's all over now. Don't let anybody tell you the University beat us. Our own beat us. Shit on a stick."

"The dirty basteds," said someone listening.

"You ain't kiddin', mister," was the reply.

"Basteds." Somebody spat.

Everybody waits for the University to make its move. It has to. Reports of no hot water on the South Green filter through and hands are clapped together. Someone who knows, who works in the Heating Plant, says that the University has to have coal tonight. Immediately. Within the hour. Every truck becomes suspicious. There's a scab behind every wheel. A ton

of coal in every van.

At 8:10 p.m. all West Union Street traffic stops. City police cars block the streets in front of Dolen's. Nothing can be seen uptown. Within seconds three police cruisers pull up to Factory Street and right behind them are three monster vans barreling down Union at 50 miles an hour. A cop waves them into Factory Street. In they go with no slackening of speed.

The pickets are dumbfounded. Truck after truck zips by, flaying the road, sending up showers of gravel. Mouths are open. What is disturbing is not that the coal has gotten through, but that the trucks never slowed down. They had orders not to stop. For anything. Or anybody.

It is 8:20. Traffic is moving again. Moving past 50 men staring down Factory Street. And two oil drums of smolder, the flames having died for lack of fuel.

Oscar McGee, the union president, shows up and the workers all crowd around. He looks like an owl. He is offered an egg salad sandwich and politely refuses. They love him, they dote on his every word. He gives a little pep talk, prefacing every other sentence with "Now, boys," or "Well, boys."

It is getting late. Oscar has to go home and get some sleep.

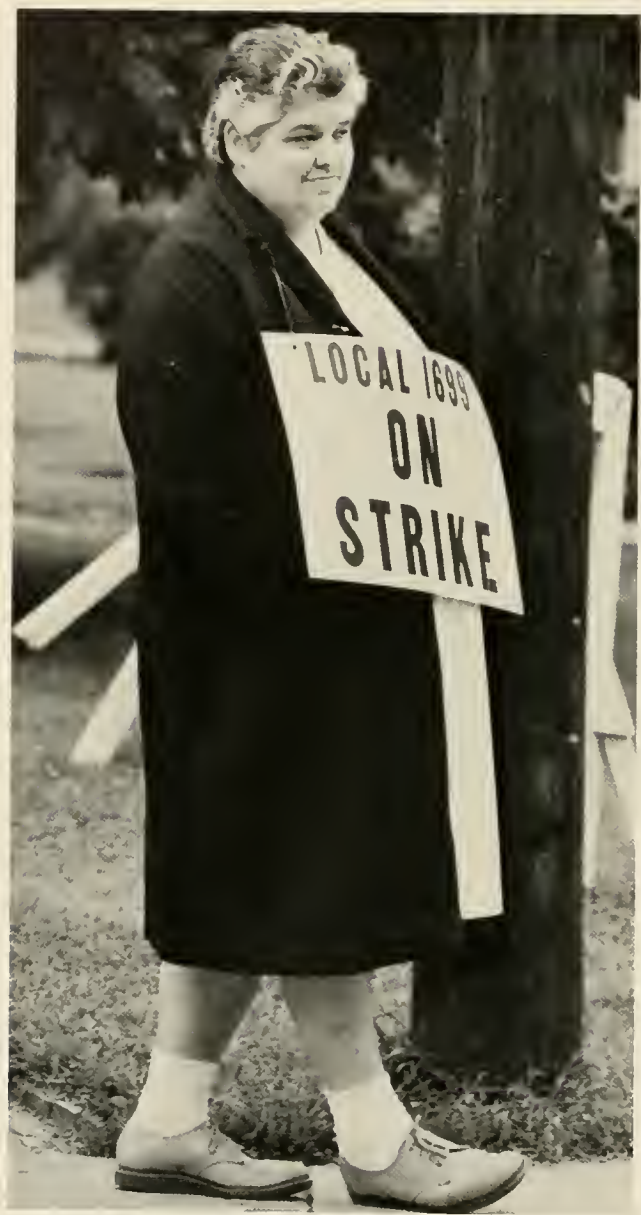
Exit Oscar McGee.

Rumor has it that six more trucks, this time with food, are on their way towards Athens. The largest man there, a veritable catalogue of muscle, calls for volunteers "to go find 'em." He gets three carloads and away they go, into the night.

Two other men, both old, wiry types, with whiskers like plant roots and wide grins, announce they are going "for a stroll down Factory Street." Moments later there are three crashes. When they returned, I asked what had happened.

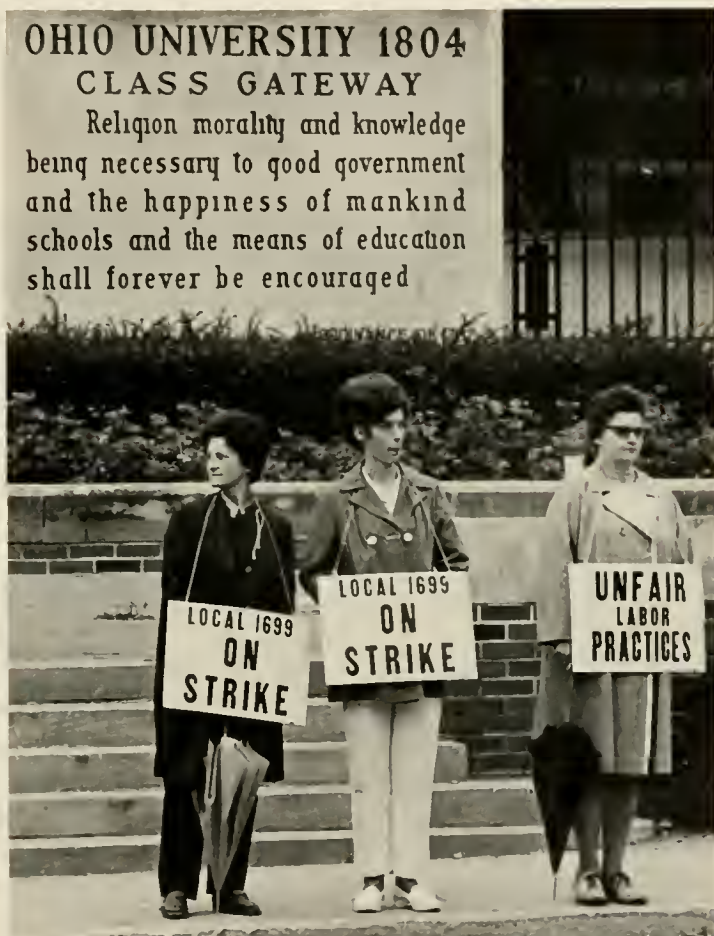
The meaner of the two stroked his chin. "Ya know," he drawled, "it was a real strange thang. We was jest standin' there when a bunch a windas jest took off an' 'sploded. By theirselves! How de ya like that?"

It was getting late and maybe half of the group had left. A little guy with a peaked hat chewed gum and swung his stick. A police car slowly rolled past and someone wandered into the high grass by the railroad tracks to take a piss. Nothing much at all happened after that.



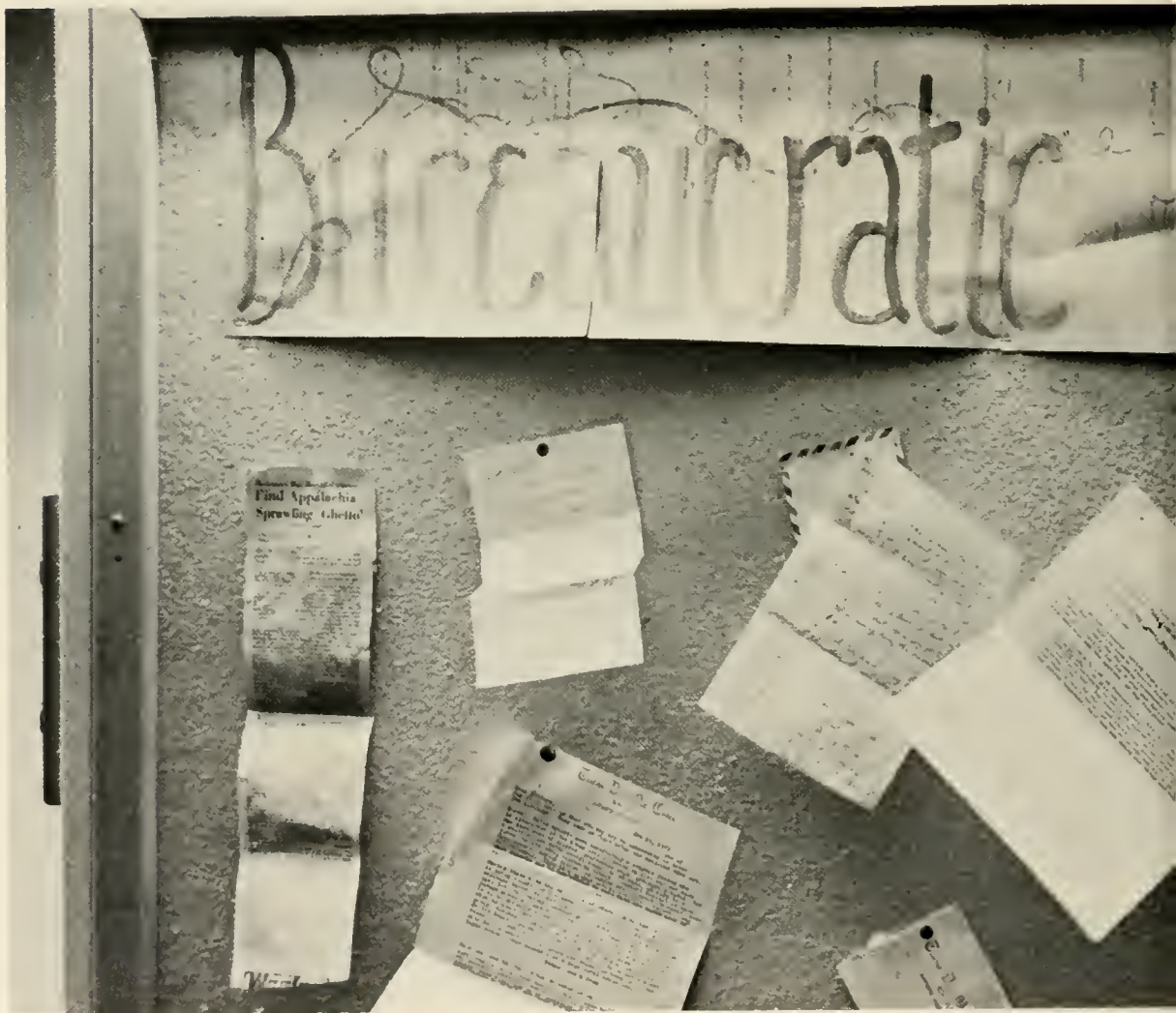
OHIO UNIVERSITY 1804 CLASS GATEWAY

Religion morality and knowledge
being necessary to good government
and the happiness of mankind
schools and the means of education
shall forever be encouraged

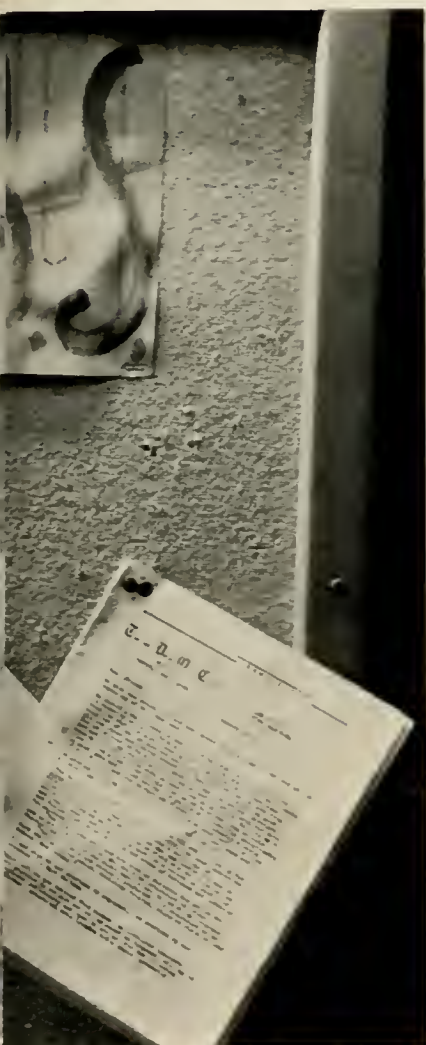




Living,



Learning goals of R/E



Walk through the hallways, past the potter's wheel, library and darkroom. Watch out for the square dance on the patio, the poetry reading on the first floor and the general bedlam throughout.

You have entered South Green #12, the Residential/Experimental College at Ohio University.

Now entering its second year of existence, R/E has evolved through many stages of development, aiming for the ultimate combination of living and learning into one program of education through experience.

On paper, it works something like this: a student takes ten hours in the program and another five in traditional classes. Those ten hours are arranged into independent study or group projects dealing with any subject the student wishes to pursue.

Things like astrology, or ichthyology (the study of

Story by Art Silverman
Photographs by David Frishberg





fish), poetry, meditation, dance, music, massage, literature, crafts, jogging, renovating log cabins, publishing a daily dorm newspaper (the Rag) or even outdoor survival and gourmet cooking.

For the 144 students in the program last year, R/E was a learning experience in ways unrelated to the actual academic course work. All decisions, whether for allocating dorm money or throwing a party, were decided at town meetings where every member had one vote.

But somehow, meetings and classes don't convey the spirit of the program and those who compose it.

No grades were given for collecting food, clothing and money for victims of the tragic flood at Man, West Virginia.

The disturbed and retarded children who visited from Beacon School were no part of an organized class.

Neither were the all-night stairwell concerts, the multi-media presentations, the art show or any of the other dozens of things which happen in a community of friends instead of roommates.

In many respects, it was a difficult year, with many growing pains. A totally new environment, where one is responsible for him/herself, with no one over your shoulder yelling "grades" or "study." Ideas and energies produced conflicts and problems, yet always with the realization that this is to be expected when searching for something new and different.

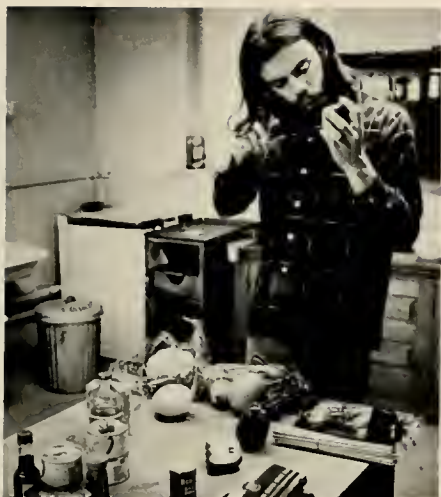
Sometimes, when it was going well, you could almost forget you were a student in a dormitory and begin to feel free and alive in the company of good neighbors.

And get involved.

Painting the basement walls, making a movie, going camping or dancing or just sharing a cafeteria meal at the semi-communal tables in Nelson Commons.

YOU'RE EATING
PURE FOOD
WHY SMOKE





Living

and learning became one and the same.

And it's nice to know you have 143 people to turn to, for a little help or a haircut or a loan. Sitting out in the lounge late at night, drinking cups of tea and discussing the future of the world.

Right before the sun rises, run outside barefoot to watch the golden rays fill the sky before a breakfast of plastic eggs and another day of livino in Athens.

This year, R/E is back again in a little different form. Upperclassmen who have met their housing obligations can form "outside living centers" in houses or farms, enjoying the freedom to experiment minus the accommodations of a luxurious dorm room.

More changes are constantly being made, always decided and discussed by the people who must live with their choices.

To the outsider, a look into the world of R/E must be a little disquieting.

It seems like total confusion inside that building, and everyone knows the R/E reputation for parties and other extracurricular activities.

But words like "party" and "extracurricular" lose their meaning in a somewhat magical world where the only difference between work and play is in your own head.

On your way out, don't forget to check out the candy machine that was finally obliterated after eating innumerable nickels and dimes. Or the second floor lounge where telephone dials and clock faces are all backwards. Or are they?

As you depart, notice the plaque on the building's front wall.

There isn't one. Only a small sign bearing the inscription "our house."







Living the spirit of R/E

All too often, people get so wrapped up in goals and purposes that they never get beyond the talking stage. But for one person, the Residential/Experimental College provided the launching for many worthwhile projects.

Renee George came to Ohio University because of the R/E program saying she wanted to "be there from its birth; to experience the whole thing.

"It was an opportunity to have experiences and to evaluate them for yourself," she said.

Many of the experiences George had last year were based on her creed of doing things on a "people to people basis." While studying the strip mine problem, she became aware of the disaster when a flood struck many small towns and isolated communities in West Virginia. Thinking that "somebody's got to do something," George began to organize a Flood Relief Fund.

Telephone campaigns, collecting at the College

would be hurt more by the strip mining than by its abolishment.

"But we have to keep doing it (working for strip mine legislation) even though they don't realize what we're doing for them," she emphasized.

In addition to her work on the strip mining problem, George has also been active in the Beacon School project, which involves tutors working on a one-to-one basis with handicapped children.

"The kids there are extremely sheltered," she explained. And the volunteers are bringing "a little of the outside world" to the students. But the bigger goal of the volunteers is, according to George, "trying to get the kids to know someone cares for them."

In addition, the busy freshman was also involved with Care Line, a phone-in center for people who need someone to talk with.

Claiming she is not interested in the "four year de-



Gate, a benefit concert and door-to-door solicitation all helped to raise over \$800 for the flood victims.

"It was really, really a good feeling," she related. "People just were coming in and helping.

"I was finding out that people did care, did want to work and people who couldn't give time, did give material things."

But the best part, according to George was "knowing it was worthwhile, that the cause was a good one."

The flood also caused her to finally determine a stand on strip mining. Her studies on the subject showed the practice to be "phenomenal" in scope. George lamented the fact that, in her opinion, the victims of the strip mining often did not realize the danger involved, they couldn't see that eventually they

gree thing," the General Studies major plans on attending college this year on only a part-time basis so she will "be able to just relax a while."

"So far, everything's been spontaneous, it would just come into my head, I'd think it out, try it and if it fails, figure out why," George explained. "But my head wouldn't be where its at if it wasn't for R/E; I wouldn't be as open to community work."

Her life, she concluded, has been governed by a favorite quotation:

"Only a life guided by constant thought can ever gain conquest over the state of nature."





Sports



or all



Almost everyone who has any interest at all in sports follows the seasons of the two major sports, basketball and football. But little attention is paid to the less patronized sports such as soccer and lacrosse. Fans for these games usually consist of friends of the players and a few true sports enthusiasts.

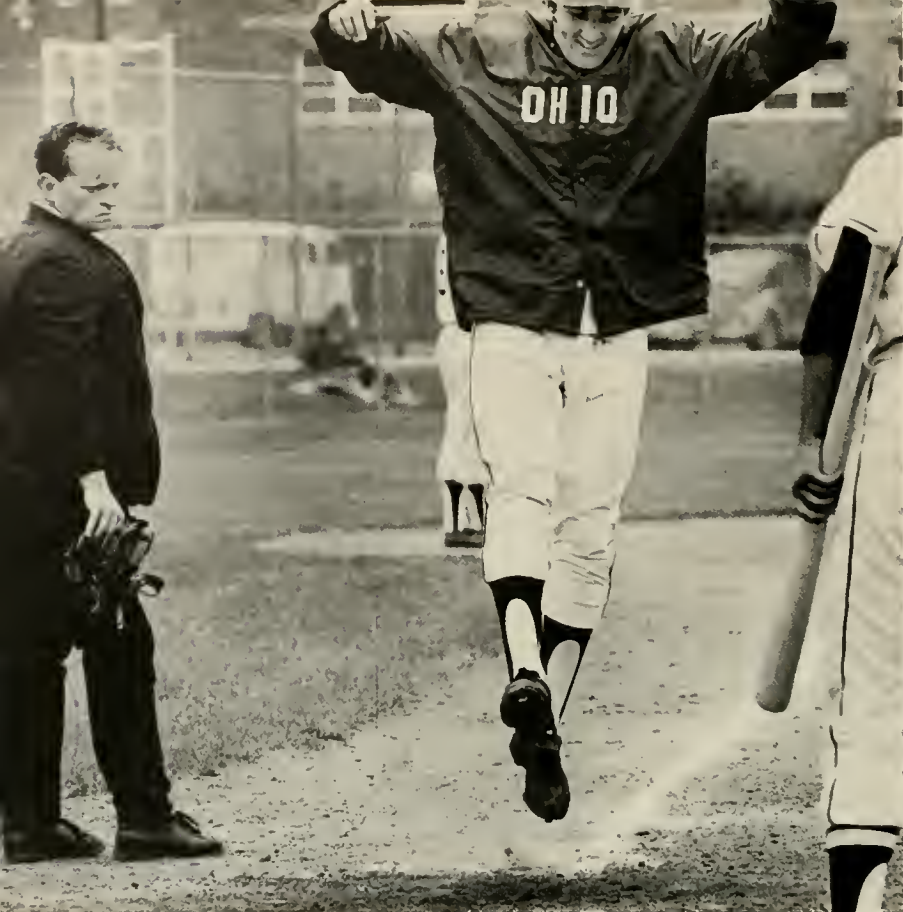
But this does not diminish the drive or determination of the team members. They play out of love for the sport, no matter if anyone is watching or not. Here then are summaries of some of the less publicized sports at Ohio University.

Two All-Americans and an eighth-place national finish highlighted the wrestling season.

And, of course, Coach Harry Houska's third straight MAC crown.

Stumbling through the regular season with a

Story by Steve Serby
Photographs by Andy Burriss, Charlie
Nye, Skip Peterson



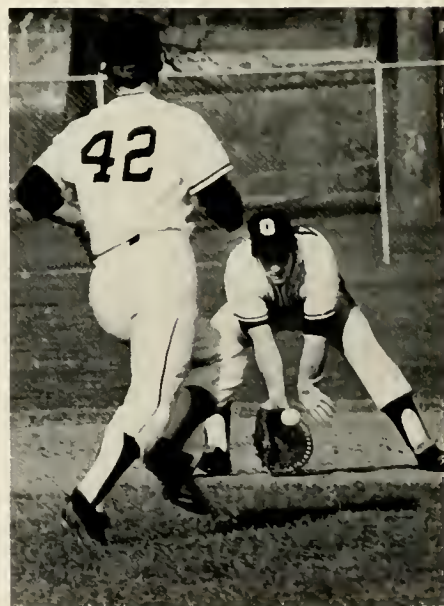
disappointing 7-5 dual meet season, there were those who wondered what was wrong with the wrestling team.

The team lost to Southern Illinois and Oklahoma in two of the three home meets, not encouraging for the home folks, even if Oklahoma was the fifth-rated team in the nation.

But come time for the conference championships, it was obvious that it was Ohio's intention to peak for the meet. The team scored 104 points, breaking the league mark it set a year before, and boasted six champions of a possible 10.

Bob Mason (134), Greg Morgan (142), Bob Tscholl (150) and Barry Reighard (190) each won his first MAC title, while Bruce Hosta, employing some techniques from his modern dance class, was winning his third MAC crown, as was 177-pounder Russ Johnson, who went through the year undefeated.

Third in the nation as a sophomore, Johnson was the pre-NCAA favorite in his weight class. He shockingly lost his very first match of the na-





nationals, and of the season, and was eliminated.

However, Joe Zychowicz, the 126-pounder who never won a MAC title, placed third, as did blond Reighard, earning for themselves All-American honors and earning for the team its highest finish in history.

Under Houska, Ohio has finished ninth, eleventh and eighth in the nation in the past three years.

And with an able assistant such as fellow All-American Bruce Trammell, the end does not appear in sight.

This year in baseball was one that will be long remembered, for it was the first time in five years

Ohio University was not the MAC champ and also, at the season's completion, Coach Bob Wren announced his resignation after 24 years in his position.

The Bobcats finished second in the league, bouncing back in the final weekend to come within one-half game of the league winner, Bowling Green. Their overall record was 20-9; their league record was 7-3, with several games being rained out.

"The thrill is just being able to play for it (the championship)," according to Wren. "And for the past ten seasons my teams have either won it by the final weekend, or were playing for it.







"I'm proud of the fact. It's what we strove for this season, and what we accomplished," he concluded.

The Bobcats were led by three players who were named to the Mid-American Conference All-Star Team. Outfielder Bob Bruno led the team with a .381 average; he was followed by shortstop Dave Sparks (.352) and catcher Steve Swisher (.308).

Leading the pitching attack were three Bobcat aces, all of whom ended up with below a 2.00 ERA. Jim Bierman led the squad with a 1.12 ERA and a 6-1 record; with the other starters, Doug Diamond (1.62, 4-2) and Terry Wenger (1.65, 6-2) were responsible for many of the Bobcat wins.

But even a winning season could not diminish the loss felt when Coach Wren announced his resignation.

In a letter Wren explained he was leaving since "With the continuing austerity program here, with cuts in scholarship aid and staff, I feel it impossible for me to maintain the baseball program at the present level, and the level I would like to keep it."

Soccer and lacrosse enjoyed their best seasons in Ohio University history.

The booters, led by superstar Ed Roberts, who broke all kinds of school records, tallied a 15-2-2 record and finally earned that sought-after NCAA Midwest regional playoff spot they thought they'd receive the year before.

The team's success was attributed to three factors: the team's summer trip to England, good defense and Tiff Cook.

In England, the team played five games, losing one and tying one, but gaining valuable experience.

The good defense was evident in some of the results; a 2-1 victory over West Virginia in the last few seconds on a goal by Suliman Shwaeb, the colorful little Topo Gigio of the soccer fields; a 3-1 win over Cleveland State, a 3-2 verdict over Buffalo State and a 1-1 draw with a highly-regarded Akron. Dennis O'Rourke was the stubborn man in the Ohio goal.

And, of course, the well-respected Tiff Cook, whose liberal thinking and closeness with his players created one, big, happy family.

However, all was not sunshine. The team bowed to St. Louis, 4-0, in the first round of the playoffs. Even more regrettably, Cook resigned as head soccer coach so he could continue as instructor in the physical education department and director of Bird Arena, the ice arena.

The stickers, a club rather than a varsity sport, did it all themselves, capturing their first Midwest Lacrosse Association Title, breaking six records in the process. The team blitzed through league competition for five straight wins and when the season had ended, Ohio boasted three men on the All-Star team.

The team receives no help from the athletic department. Any money necessary comes from their pockets.

Bill Boreland was selected by coaches as the best goalie in the MLA. Other standouts included president and leading scorer Brian Teeple, Pete Guerster and Gil Mulcahy.

The coach was Terry McNutt.







It was a frustrating, to say the least, year for Coach John McComb and his hockey team. The team finished the Central Collegiate Hockey Association with a 1-13 record. And if that weren't bad enough, in a January 15 game against St. Clair, Ohio icer John Jacob was charged with using his stick in a malicious manner when both benches emptied and he was suspended for the season.

This shed an unfavorable light on the hockey program.

And for the first time in 15 years, Ohio was white-washed by arch-nemesis Ohio State, by 3-0 and 4-0 scores. The team's failure to coordinate a power play, and, generally, an offense, was a reason for its downfall.

Certainly no one could blame Ohio's goalie supreme, Dennis Haworth, who often resembled Custer at his last stand.

Ohio's lone win was a 5-3 triumph over Ohio State in the third league game of the year, following 5-2 and 10-7 losses to Bowling Green.

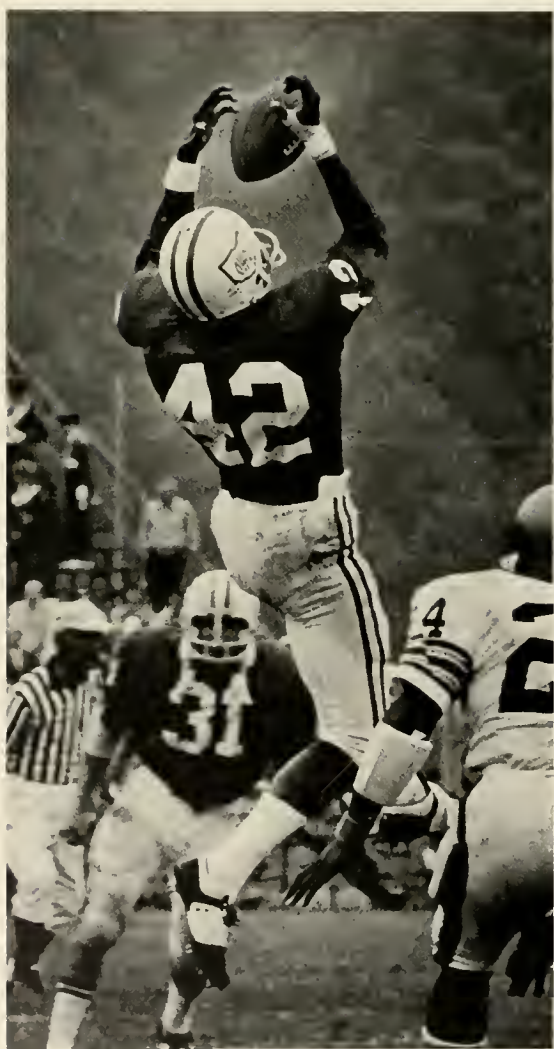
The Buckeyes bounced back for a 6-4 win in Columbus.

St. Louis beat Ohio twice, 9-3 and 7-5, BG won again, 6-2 and 8-2, St. Louis struck again, 5-3 and 4-1, and then Ohio State's two appalling shutouts completed the regular season.

In the playoffs, Ohio was fourth and last, losing 7-1 to Ohio State and 7-6 in overtime to Bowling Green.

Left-wing John Ranalli was the leading scorer, tallying 12 goals and four assists in the 14 games. Captain Ron Ivany and Pete Maybury each scored 13 points.







OHIO

19
37
28
35
3
29
14
30
15
30

OPPONENTS

20 Bowling Green
21 Kent State
31 Toledo
6 Kentucky
0 Miami
37 VPI
28 Western Michigan
7 Tulane
23 Cincinnati
0 Marshall





OHIO

OPPONENTS

76	66	Muskingum
65	76	N'Western
79	68	Ohio State
79	70	Indiana
81	87	Michigan
77	84	Detroit
67	104	Cincinnati
81	88	Marshall
76	78	Missouri
91	69	Bowling Green
85	74	Kent State
71	64	Toledo
88	79	Virginia Tech
77	91	Miami
74	88	Kent State
98	60	Va. Military
80	79	Western Michigan
108	69	MacMurray
69	66	Miami
76	95	Marshall
84	76	Loyola of Chicago
65	56	Toledo
83	100	Western Michigan
105	84	Bowling Green
69	67	Toledo
49	73	Marquette





Gay lib comes

Story by P. J. Bednarski
Art Work by Erich Barnes

There are an amazing number of things a writer has to look out for when he's writing about anything sexual, in this case homosexuality, which tend to make these types of stories difficult to write. Simply put, there is an unintentional ease to pun in these types of pieces and although I don't mean to, look again after you read this and you're bound to find a few.

But writing is not so different from talking and it is easy to say things to Rob Schnitzer you wish you could take back.

We cross Court and Union Streets, heading for Baker Center. A male student passes, glances for a moment at both of us, and then returns his gaze to the street ahead. Rob, meanwhile, keeps on looking at the guy, even after he passes. Then he turns to me. "Did you see that? I look at him. He looks at me and we know damn well—but nothing happens. In New York, I could have picked him up, but in Athens . . ."

And his voice trails off and I'm left there wondering if I can really risk looking him square in the eye the rest of the evening.

"I'm getting tired of fighting this whole thing, looking for guys. In New York City things are different. When he looks back at me with that kind of look, shit, if he did that in New York . . . Athens will never reach its true cruising potential."

He graduated last March and went back to New York. The last I heard he's writing porno novels with other men, most of them straight. Rob writes that many of his co-workers don't have much to do with sex anymore and the work there doesn't do much to him either, he says. He did make a gay film in upstate New York just after leaving Athens and since his departure every time he writes to friends, he asks about

this article, worrying perhaps that it will be too much like the radio forum he participated in with lesbian Brick Malone before leaving.

"Jesus Christ, people calling in and asking if homosexuals have orgasms," Rob says in a pitched voice, his right arm rising in what is usually his most obvious sign of anger or frustration. "The only difference between what I do and what a heterosexual does is who I go to bed with." He tells, no he warns me, not to ask any questions I wouldn't ask if I were exploring heterosexual relationships, and considering I can't figure not only what to ask him but what to ask a straight person, I hear the advice, but it is of little use as a guide.

But there is nothing mystical about Schnitzer. The world looks for some distinguishing characteristic that sets apart the homosexual from "us" but with Schnitzer, it doesn't work. People meet him and later, when told he's gay, they look again and say, "He doesn't look gay." Maybe then, remembering they are liberals and free-thinkers who are quite ready to accept anyone, they tack on, "Of course, how would I know just by looking at him. He doesn't bother me."

This doesn't pass Rob's notice, but he seems to be beyond that now. "Every day, I can be a little freer about it." He terms himself a "Stage Three" homosexual, one beyond defending his gayness in marches or organizations, but just content to admit, accept and not regret his sexual flip of the coin.

Stage Two gays, he says, are those who march, organize and flaunt their styles, and by doing so, open themselves to ridicule. "Some people just love being oppressed—the Jewish mother kind of thing, you know. But not all the activists, the radicals, are like

to Athens





that. Let's just say they're very aware of it."

Schnitzer's parents are cognizant of Rob's gayness too, and have been since his second year at the University. He recalls that "they said it was o.k. They said 'we still love you, do you want to see a doctor?' When I was a sophomore, the guys around the dorm noticed I wasn't doing much with women and wondered why not. They started spreading nasty rumors about me—which by the way, were correct.

"But I used it to my advantage," he recalls. "I went to my RD and asked him, 'How many people do you know who want to live with a homo?' He said, 'Yeh, you're right,' and I had a single the rest of the year."

His freshman year, Rob did nothing. He says he still wasn't admitting his gayness. "The next year I knew for sure and someone I knew in theater introduced me to some people there. You know, when you're in theater, you tend to meet people."

Still, the University has more marching men than boys in the band, although Schnitzer wouldn't nec-

cessarily buy that opinion. "Take two students, just let's make up two, Eddie and Joe. Eddie and Joe are fairly typical, fashionable long hair, business majors from Dayton, they like to go uptown on Friday night and pick up girls, they like to go to football games. Eddie has a girl, but Joe can't stay with a girl too long, he has almost a hostile reaction to them. In time, he could become gay. If you discover your best friend is gay and he tries to seduce you, well you might just respond."

We meet every once in a while. Rob always invites me to his apartment, oddly enough above Kip's Bay, but fearing what these meetings may connote, I refuse. We meet in large open rooms with people around and still some rumors float around about me.

"There are 3000, do I hear 4000 gays here, in all stages. Latency? I don't know, a great number. It's that people are not sure of themselves. People, looking at their roommate and wondering, 'why am I feeling this way, what is this feeling I have,'" he explained.

Schnitzer doesn't stop talking once he begins. Much of what he says is not offered because I ask, but because he wants to tell Athens what he thinks, even though he is not in Athens anymore. I hate to admit it's been a fascinating interview, because I'm afraid people will begin to think . . . Well, that's what can happen.



A little kindness



little love



It doesn't take much, just a couple of hours a week; but for those involved, it may make up a lifetime of happiness. For the students who volunteer each week at either the Athens Mental Health Center or the Gallipolis State Institute bring something very special to the patients they visit. Sometimes sadly enough, they are the only outsiders a patient will see and so the time spent becomes even more valuable. A friendly smile, a helping hand and sincerity are all that it requires and the benefits are mutual, a friendship that's unique from all others.

At the Athens Mental Health Center, the student volunteer program has two phases. Under one, the Resident Volunteer Program, students actually live on the wards with patients. The purpose, according to

*Story by Mike McGraw,
Linda Wenmoth
Photographs by Charlie Nye*



Larry Lankas, volunteer coordinator, is two-fold; to provide clinical experience and also to be a means of financial aid for the students.

"The program started with Mrs. Cox in the Center Office. As Director of Activities Therapy, she felt having the students here would give a respectability to the wards," according to Lankas. "We acted as a pilot project for the state and so far, it's working out very well."

The students work 15 hours a week, 10 hours in their major area of study, such as music or occupational therapy. They spend an additional 5 hours weekly working directly with the patients on the ward in which they are staying.

The more visible and numerous program for volunteers at the Mental Health Center is the Monday and Thursday night visits by students.

A bus operates between Baker Center and the Mental Health Center, eliminating the long and mostly uphill hike, thereby making visits possible even in inclement weather. The cost of operating the bus is covered by an allocation from the University's Student Activities Board.

Once there, the students first meet with the social worker for the ward on which they volunteer. They then proceed to the ward, where, on a one-to-one basis, they hope to make the patients' day a little less dreary, a little happier.

Activities on the wards range from just sitting and talking, to checkers or softball. It is also possible, in some cases, to take walks with the patients or to stop down at Occupational Therapy to work on a project.

But mostly it's just being there, coming back week after week, knowing your patient is looking forward to the visits and a little bit of sunshine in their lives.

The volunteers are involved in other activities with the patients, such as picnics, visits to the dorms or trips in to watch a baseball game.

"We're trying to have fewer live-in patients," Lankas explained. "We're attempting to have more out patients, thereby reducing the stigma of the place and encouraging people to come in earlier to seek help."

"One way of encouraging this is to have more activities in the community and the University."

Lankas revealed that at first the program did meet with some resistance from the older employees at the Center. But, he said, the head of the Mental Health Center, Dr. Harry Chovnik was definitely in support of the program, since he likes the idea of college students being exposed to this particular problem of society.

"The people here were starved for attention," Lankas related. "These visits give them something beyond the routine, something to look forward to each week."

As a special project, a group of volunteers spent a weekend cleaning out a flood-stricken home of a patient, who was later able to return home, once it was restored.

For this project, and the overall program, the Athens Mental Health Center volunteers were recognized as being one of three finalists by the National Center for Voluntary Actions, in a competition which involved over 138 groups and individuals from the entire United States.

But recognition or winning awards is not why the students voluntarily give up some of their time and love. It's all made worthwhile when a patient introduces the volunteer to someone saying, "This is my friend."

The program at Gallipolis is similar in nature, except that the visits are done on Saturday morning.

"Pat is going to teach me to count this week!" "They'll be here Saturday." "Are the hippies going to come to my cottage?" These are some comments



heard at the Gallipolis State Institute as residents anticipate the weekly visit from Ohio University student volunteers.

The Gallipolis State Institute Volunteer Program (GSIVP) began its second year of service last fall and had an average of 35 volunteers each week. The program was begun by David Stern, president of the Council for Exceptional Children.

"Three years ago," Stern explained, "about 10 special education majors started going to Gallipolis, and after a while we decided to try to get a full program into effect."

"At first I had mixed emotions. I was curious, apprehensive and excited," said this year's student director, Ken Hall. "Afterwards I was completely psyched out, it was really me. Not everyone has 2000 friends."

The Institute has approximately 32 cottages with about 60 residents in each cottage. With such facilities as a farm, power plant, laundry, hospital and a store, it is partially self-sufficient. The residents at Gallipolis range from the custodial, or those confined to bed, to





The job started quite by accident, he volunteered to help at a fair at the Athens Mental Health Center and it evolved into his being hired as Coordinator of Volunteer Activities. But for Larry Lankas the events have literally changed his life.

"I was tired of just reading about things, I wanted to do something," the former Vista volunteer stressed. "This job has changed my whole life."

In addition to the student volunteers, Lankas is also responsible for groups within the community who wish to help at the Center. This, he explained, often involves a "lot of politicking" in order to get anything accomplished.

"We're trying to get away from the once a month type of volunteers, to get the groups more involved," he explained. "We're hoping to have more active programs rather than just playing bingo on the wards."

Besides helping patients, there is another purpose to the volunteers, according to Lankas. "One of our goals is to get a large number of people exposed to what is going on at the Center, to see how we're getting away from custodial care more towards out-patient status.

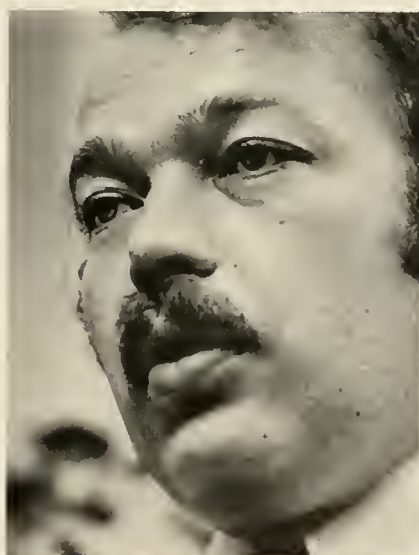
"This helps to reduce the stigma of a 'mental health center' and encourages people with problems to seek help earlier than they would otherwise."

Lankas took the job because he "genuinely likes people." He went on to explain "I look at the patients here as equals, as people who are just temporarily not functioning in society."

"This is their home for now, and I try to make it just a little more pleasant," Lankas said.

The location of the Center is ideal for Lankas since he feels he has to be near a university to function effectively. "It's too easy to get settled and criticize what's happening," he explained. "I like to be near the pulse of youth, to know what is actually happening and taking place."

For Larry Lankas, a love of people and a desire to help those in need will always be "what's happening."



the educable mentally retarded and the pseudo retarded, or those who are emotionally or culturally deprived.

University volunteers provide many different programs for the residents to participate in on Saturdays. An orientation program held each week acquaints interested students with the program.

"The art therapy program gives the people a way to express themselves," commented Terri Pakuli, program co-chairman. Volunteers in art visit three locked wards and two open wards and hold sessions in the morning and afternoon. Materials worked with include paints, clay, weaving with a board and nails and embroidering. Many of the articles are sold at art festivals and products were also sold at last year's Ohio State Fair.

Volunteers in the music program visit 12 cottages, working basically with locked residents, older residents who can't get out, and children. A band composed of 13 residents has also been formed by Dale Bechtel.









The tutoring program works with residents on a one-to-one basis. Children who attend school during the week receive extra help with their work, while older individuals are taught things like printing their name and telling time.

Recreation for the residents ranges from "Drop the handkerchief" to soccer. The program teaches simple motor skills and, for more capable patients, skills that can be used in organized games such as football and baseball.

The custodial program works with the severely retarded, who are in bed most of the day. They are taught primary movements of the arms and legs, sense of touch with the use of material-covered balloons and conveying feelings with facial expressions.

Anything from the modern "breakdown" to the conventional "box step" can be found in the Dance Therapy Program. Rhythmn patterns are also taught to any resident who wants to participate.

No one can describe the thoughts and feelings of the volunteer, but how can one really describe the look on a small girl's face when she is shown how to make the eyes of a pumpkin or when an older lady who looks like one's own grandmother, puts her arm around you and thanks you for being so nice? Perhaps it can best be summed up as one volunteer said, "Where else should I be on Saturday other than at Gallipolis?"



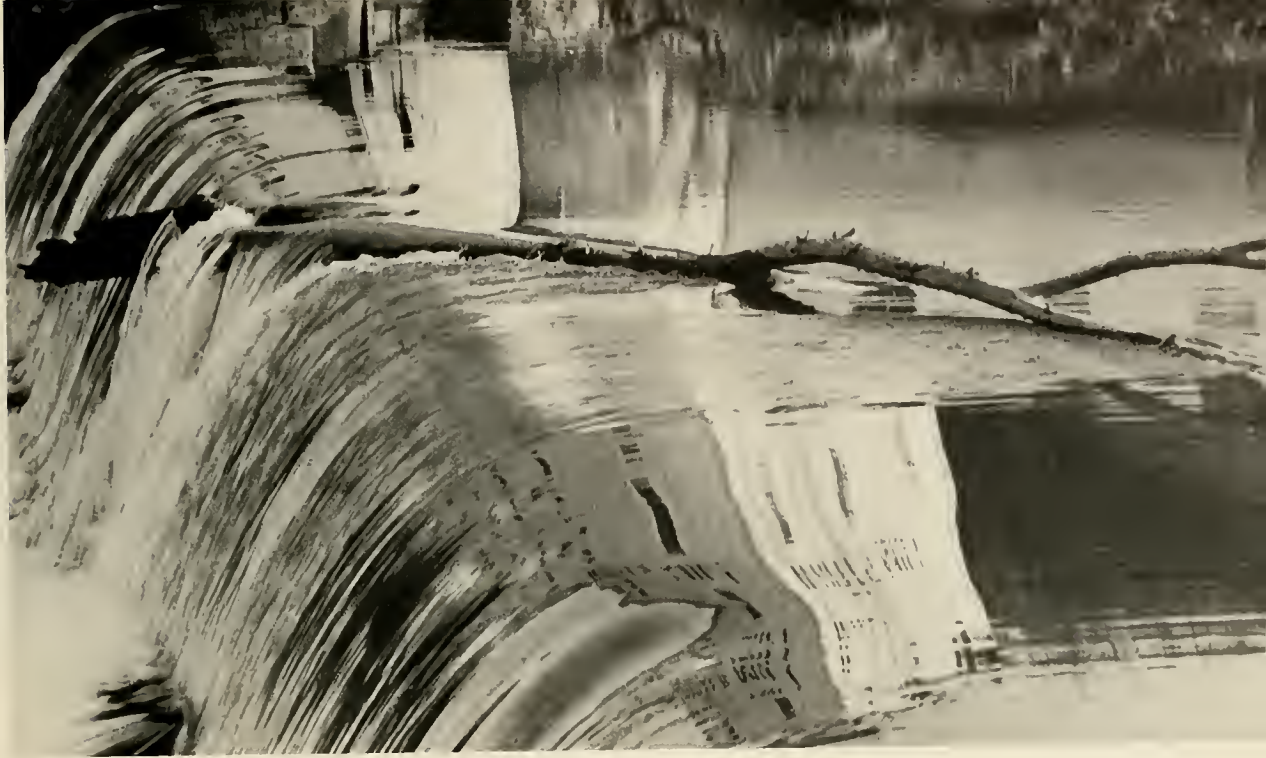




An ode to the Arts

Great modern Sphinx
the library newly kneels worshipping
Claude Sowle's house—imposing yellow lantern
that it is.
Where sticky mosquitoes buzz
fat and bloodfilled
toasting the Board of Trustees and the apathy
in formal wear next to shining candlesticks
they sip
and dine
modestly affluent
humble Kings
and shrewd politicians
how can i walk without awe?
how can i shake my head and say no
you figured it wrong.
There are one kind of people in this world
the people who die now and the people who die later
who can hope beyond death
Immortal Kings
divinely delegated to decide for me
and the children I eject
crimson covered and blue-veined
white.
When will I stop avoiding the directness in people's eyes?
and flow into families
of destranged relatives
beyond hungry hope
gleaming tiger's eye of gain
black or white
The new Messiah will look like all races.
He will be dusty yellow with sad brown eyes
that cry the ultimate cry
constantly
And he will discover freedomlovelifenow
so they can package it up
and sell it for Christmas
and it will smell like Kumquats and spices
and burning pine and cookies in the oven with pumpkin pie
and your Uncle's pipe.

Betty Anderson



Dogcat

Dog

Cat

speedingup

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dab

t

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through the town

on the roof

moving

quickly.

steven yas

Photographs by Andy Burriss

The trials of our love,
 have been many and close in between.
 Our way,
 has been stormy and rough,
 except for the few oasis of happiness
 which dot our dark and brooding love.
 These few pockets of happiness have
 given us the strength to
 overcome, dodge, side-step, and out run
 the unfriendly traps set by friendly
 people.
 These traps in the form of mental demons;
 demons that have been sent to torment
 and punish our souls for not accepting
 the accepted.
 Demons sent by family, friends, and people
 we don't even know.
 These demons who were supposed to be the firemen
 for our love, have only fanned the flame
 when it might have died a natural death.
 That thought is only academic now.
 For the flame lives, burns, directs
 and thinks.
 This flame is hot enough to burn away
 the impurities caused by the imagination
 of others and hot enough to keep our love
 clean and pure. Our love, only the two
 of us will ever understand.
 This flame has pushed us out and over
 the limitations man has tried to impose
 on us.
 This is the flame that makes us run,
 fugitives from two different fantasies
 who have dared to love in reality
 where love is prohibited
 yes we run we run from hands;
 grabbing hands, ripping hands, hands
 that belong to grotesque faces, faces
 with hands growing out of their mouths,
 out of their frightened mouths, hands that
 try to pull us apart.
 Faster we run, from stones that
 bruise and dent our armor of love.
 Stones made of hard looks and stares.
 Our way has been stormy and rough,
 the thorns hidden beneath the path we
 travel cut deeply into our shoeless
 feet,
 but still we continue towards that goal,
 a goal that lies at the end of an endless
 road.



Rubber Cement Friends

Rubber cement friends
 apply themselves to you
 and
 after sticking for
 a while
 begin to peel off
 and roll away.

steven yas



Athens As Mother

And the leaves sort of rusting on the
hillside and I'm feeling kind of moody
but I'd like a bowl of soup
eyes bluemisting with emotion
nature perched right out of Athen's reach
rain-blackened trunks
leaves wet from the teary rain
tugging at my hair
walking noiselessly observing
letting it absorb you
hands are dry and make you seem oldish
Athens you're a fine mother for a child
Looking up you see the faces are not faces anymore
but people and you're one of them
corduroy makes zipping noises as you walk
sometimes you wish you could be young
again sometimes you try
it's not as good The core is hard and old
and barky

Betty Anderson

Languished

The small seed of the dandelion
falls in the shadow of the Rose.
Though starved for love and sunshine,
it struggles and it grows.

The Rose's arms reach for the sky.
Its face drinks in the rain.
Too proud, it never notices
the little weed so plain.

The gruesome dwarfish weed bows
with obeisance and with duty.
Its tiny yellow head droops
at the Rose's cultured beauty.

People often marveled
at the Rose's velvet touch
The dandelion weeps silently.
It loves the Rose so much!

But the dandelion keeps thinking
when the day will come that he,
can hold his head up high and say,
"Somebody noticed me."

Then one day when the warmth of sun
had dried the morning rain;
The dandelion awoke to hear
a scream of dire pain.

A sunbeam fell upon him.
The shadow was not there.
The throne where his proud Rose had sat
was now vacant and bare.

There lay the Rose beside him;
broken, bleeding, dying.
Instead of smiling proudly,
it was allayed to crying.

"O little weed so ugly,
who has envied my renown.
Remember that the ones who praised me
also cut me down."

Since time has passed, the ugly weed
now holds its head up high.
For its beauty lies in having life.
Its wisdom; knowing why.

Margaret Bucher

5,280 ft.

Running to the constant beat
of a pounding foot,
the ground
is torn away
by each masterful gouge of
sleak,

new spikes.
Running with a insatiable
thirst

not for glory.
but for contentment.
Conscious-understanding:
the true victor

Running in rhythm
with arm
and foot
moving

easily, gently, evenly—
coherent movement.

Yearning,
loving each step.
not knowing the antidote for
stop.

Time—
the length of one minute,
infantismal stride.

The gun,
a final
lap
the race . . .

a grasp.
Muscles tightening,
mind wanting,
Life,

one second.
The Tape.

steven yas





strip miner to the nation
stopping point for candidates, rock groups, and
domestic grass.
Motorcycles, Levi jackets, and Strohs beer
A burned down bank.
Life in a trailer, maybe a teepee
I'm sure you'll find it in Athens County.

A bus trip through the flatlands
A colorless mirage of trees and old barns
Chew Mail Pouch tobacco
Capitalism has set in.
Unpainted wooden fences enclosing an occasional animal
High all around
Never come down
Blue chevys giving dirty looks to a Triumph 650
off on a hill a ten year old does a wheelie on his
Suzuki 90.
stars and stripes and haircuts forever.

Duel exhaust out of chrome pipes
Hands clinging to Z bars.
Black curved seat fitted over a rear wheel
sissy bar bearing a pack
Two forks joined by an extended tire
Never seeming to reach its destiny
Orange haze of a Kansas farm road before sunset
An Athens parking ticket.

Birthday cake land

living in birthday cake land
responding to birthday bells
Walking around on the icing
Everything is sweet on sorority row
A plastic dome surrounds the town
feeding in hot manufactured air
that smells like money
A giant Candyland game where everything is paved
or planted
and square at the edges
ideas are funneled in at the top
Like an hourglass
the sand is round and smooth
next quarter they will turn us over and the same
sand will filter through again
There is a hatch at each end
pushing some out pushing others in
to birthday cake land.

Betty Anderson

lying in pink clover
ridged stems
burnt flowers
wanting to be on the cool green
side of the river
in a white clapboard house
rocking on the porch
But it's so much easier to
love in clover
die Godless
forget yourself
and throw away a half-price ticket to nowhere.
Hard to avoid
security that only changes with their
idealistic whiskers
Asked to confront a plastic reality
Easier to crucify their dreams
when yours don't matter
Harder to be truly alone when they care.

Betty Anderson



Story by Bill Choyke
Photographs by Andy Burriess

A memorable



Homecoming

The scripture on the campus gate reads:

"So enter that daily thou mayest grow in knowledge, wisdom and love."

Many return to Athens, Ohio in the fall. Some come to pay a visit to old friends or that favorite prof. Others stop by their frat or sorority, to see how it has changed the past years and maybe kick in \$10 for their social fund.

But those who returned this fall may have felt something missing. The title of the weekend had changed from Homecoming to Oktoberfest. Center Program filled Union Street in front of their Baker offices with booths and beverages which took the place of the parade. And though there was much missing, the addition was memorable. Ohio University has had its fair share of alumni returning, but Homecoming, Oktoberfest or whatever, 1971 had the University's top prize—a shapely brunette who had returned to the school's faithful after capturing the hearts, applause and admiration of thousands across the country. For on September 7, 1971 Laurie Lea Schaefer was crowned the darling of America's beauties—Miss America.

She wasn't the only "beauty" queen on campus for the weekend though, for Mr. Gyro's stunts won him the accolades of 300 in the campus' first Mr. America contest. It was the culmination of guerilla theater and other activities all week which sounded Ms. Schaefer's arrival.

I never had the occasion of pleasure to meet the lovely Ms. Schaefer, but yet I feel like I know her well. It's funny, maybe even slightly absurd, but Schaefer, the epitome of American "beauty" without a doubt taught me a lesson not found in any classroom. It's a lesson that's fairly obvious to students of American journalism; an intangible lesson that history books can never capture; a lesson that only human nature can.

I can remember well the night of Schaefer's coronation. Her emergence into the final ten bracket caused my old man to chime: 'If she wins or finishes high, it will make a nice story.'

"Ya," I retorted, "We could really embarrass her."

She won and we did, though at that time it was never my intention nor was it when we printed the article which Newsweek said "told eye-brow raising tales about her personal life."

That was mid-November but the beginning was



nealy six weeks previous with Becky, a friend who sometimes has the whim of the fantasy but knowledge of the actuality. It was Becky who began the chain of events.

Becky knew Schaefer through a mutual friend, and of course Miss America was always the center of chuckling when two old acquaintances returned to Ohio University from summer vacation. But Becky was not distant from Miss America like most—in fact, she said while Schaefer didn't own any jeans, "she sure wore enough of mine."

While Becky told me a number of intimacies of the life of Laurie Lea Schaefer, most intriguing was her acquaintance with Ginny Thomas. The pair, sorority sisters, had lived in Howard Hall and had been friends for several years. Both lost in beauty pageants. However during their later days at Ohio University their

courses took sharp turns. Schaefer stayed in the contest route and lost and lost before finally gaining a preliminary victory. Thomas turned to politics, became the president of Ohio University's Young Socialist Alliance and was investigated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

I knew Ginny through an economics course. Most who knew her agree Ginny was soft-spoken and sincere. A staff member, Susan Reimer, queried her about her former friend for a news/feature she was getting together for Schaefer's October 29 arrival.

In "you wouldn't want to print this but" communications, Thomas said Miss America, 1971 had a drinking problem during her first two years as an undergraduate and "there was some question about allowing Schaefer to pledge. She use to drink an awful lot," Thomas said.

Thomas' comments served to stimulate our curiosity. Becky had previously noted several private insights into Schaefer's life though I promised her she would never see it in print. But as far as Susan Reimer was concerned, Thomas' account was disconcerting. A former Junior Miss finalist in Pittsburg, Reimer was planning to defend Schaefer, her puritanical views and the institution. I only asked her to do a fair, honest account of the former student—neither a pedestal or gutter job. She agreed and I still believe that is what we printed—an honest, balanced revealing story of a woman conservative in thought, but like most 21-year-olds, liberal in actions. But apparently America, and most definitely Athens, Ohio, was unwilling to listen to material, however academic, we judged to be in the public interest. Even the "established" press, while reporting the controversy, never touched on the essentials.

Maybe it's understandable, especially in light that the most "uncomplimentary friend," to use The (Cleveland) Plain Dealer's terminology, was unidentified. This woman discussed Schaefer's private affairs and in a signed document said she saw Schaefer with a packet of birth control pills in October of last year and Schaefer admitted to her she was using them. The source—a disappointed, jealous beauty contestant who was over-jealous of Miss America laurels? Highly unlikely since she was the same woman who in the article praised Schaefer for her thoughtfulness as a big sister. Pam Artin, Schaefer's little sister in the sorority, asked to remain anonymous to avoid any confrontations since Schaefer originally planned to stay the night of her Athens visit with her. It was Artin's testimony that caused roughly seven-tenths of the letters and verbal communiques to contend it in "bad taste."

A sauerkraut eating contest, games of chance, body painting booths, a kissing contest, refreshments . . . all were an attempt by Center Program Board to revitalize and revamp the dying traditions of Homecoming.



It's doubtful if anyone had ever witnessed the newspaper being gobbled up so quickly. The word had spread to some circles that we were going to print some uncomplimentaries on Miss America.

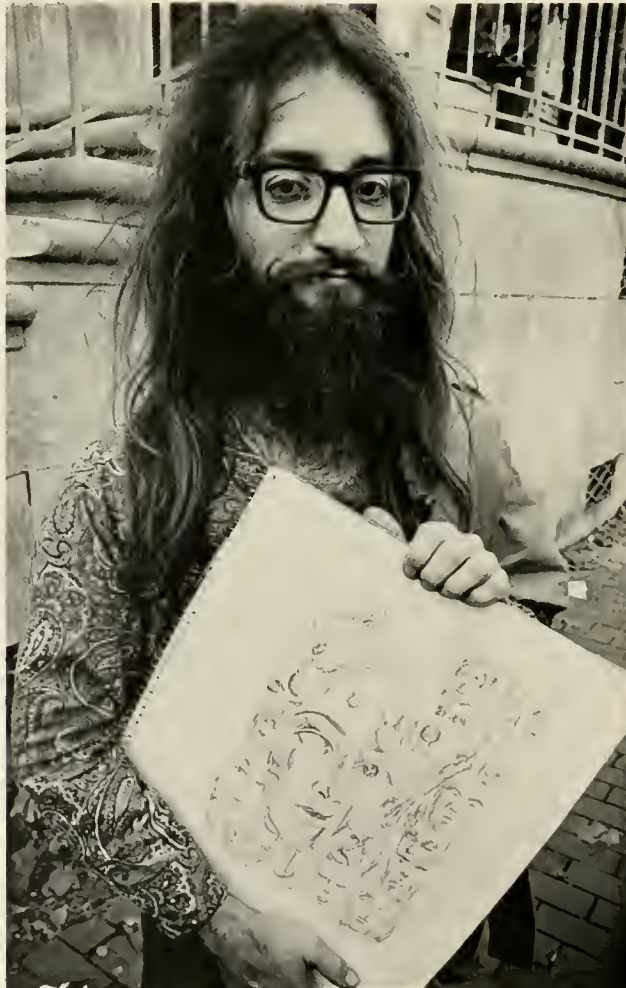
I somewhat anticipated the reaction and needing rest, I sought refuge at a friend's house. Schaefer had a 3:30 p.m. press conference scheduled and I wanted to look sharper than I felt. It took only 30 minutes after the paper hit the Athens streets before we got calls. First the Toledo Blade. UPI. AP. The Cleveland Plain Dealer. And a few others whose interest was not journalistic, but rather Miss Americanistic.

More said they knew Laurie Lea Schaefer. I still didn't. She had cancelled her press conference because of her "late arrival." I'm told by a friend that she initially refused to appear during any of the activities, but was persuaded by the Miss America pageant people who realized the contract obligations with the sponsoring Athens National Band.

Schaefer then offered to hold a press conference as long as The Post was elsewhere. The University, to its credit, would not arrange it.

Pam Artin finally met Schaefer at the Ohio University Inn. Schaefer told her she was going to sue. "You know it's true," Artin replied. "This is the best time of your life. Live it." Both broke into tears, grasping each other while sobbing. "You're right, you're right," Schaefer said.

Besides Reimer's article, our Miss America coverage included my editorial which stated our intentions—neither to attack or embarrass Ms. Schaefer—but simply to scrutinize her puritanical, apple pie comments and present the Miss America contest as "a discriminatroy institution . . . that perpetuates this nation's crass comercialism and sexist ideals." Opposite the editorial page, we reprinted Middle America's thoughts, that is if The (Columbus) Dispatch represents Middle America.





As part of the anti-Miss America activities, a "Mr. America" contest was held, along with guerilla theater productions. Before a crowd of over 300, Mr. Gyro won the "Crown" of Mr. America.





"It is refreshing to hear Miss America voice her convictions especially when most headlines are grabbed by the likes of Jerry Rubin, Joan Baez, Margaret Mead, Ramsey Clark and John Lindsay, who are so positive the New Left and the drug culture constitute the wave of the future," The Dispatch said.

"When Laurel Lea Schaefer returns home (Columbus area) this weekend let us see more than a young and talented beauty.

"Instead, let us recognize and appreciate the fact that Miss Schaefer represents the epitome of human, kind, wholesome, reverent and uncompromising in fundamental standards."

But the Miss America story was only one of several unpleasanties to greet Miss America. If she would have been available she could have witnessed a series of guerilla theaters presented by feminists which climaxed with elfish Mr. Gyro winning the Mr. America contest. He beat the likes of Mr. Suicide, Mr. Natural and other assorted personages.

But possibly Schaefer's most shocking moment was during her introduction at the football game. She was met with a round of boos, that was finally drowned out by alumni applause. Here was Miss America, speaking in front of 18,000 people—students, faculty, friends and alumni. She gave an award to a trustee and a scholarship to an academic department. She almost broke down crying, but righted herself. When she returned to the stands, she clenched her widowed mother, and cried.



There's something about Ohio University and Athens that makes one want to return. It could be the congestion at Court and Union streets at the noon hour with students hurrying through the downtown area. It might be the stories of Athens, the witchcraft and dope tales—and the influx of the Eastern influence on the small Southeastern Ohio Appalachian locale.

Laurie Lea Schaefer may some time return to Athens. She told Pam Artin that she would like to,

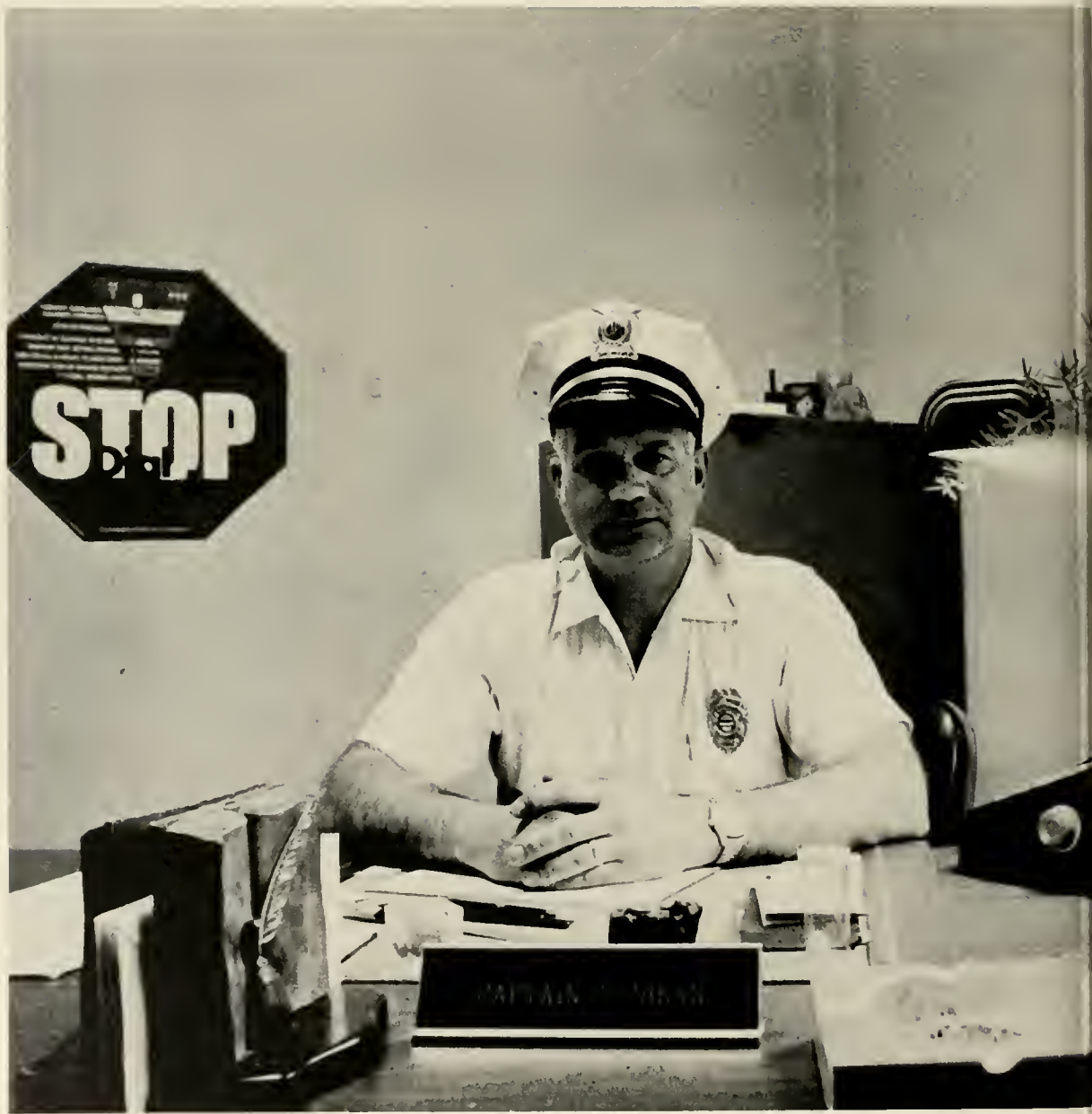
without any fanfare, and visit her friends.

"So enter, that daily thou mayest grow in knowledge, wisdom and love."

I would hope some day I could meet Laurie Lea Schaefer. Talk with her. Explain to her. I would hope that as I learned so did Schaefer and the Columbus, Ohios throughout the nation.

"So depart, that daily thou mayest better serve thy fellowman, thy country and thy God."





"Some call them . . ."



PIG . . . THE MAN . . . COP . . . NAZI . . . its difficult to think of them as civil servants let alone a guy who likes horses, and Budweiser. In the spring the Athens cops have the clubs and gas, in the winter they become targets for snowballs and in the fall they arrest jaywalkers—\$10 and court costs. Regardless of the season there are always the drug busts.

University Security cops don't have to work under the same stigma. How much animosity can you attract when you spend the night shaking door knobs? Like the Athens cops, Security has a fascination with drugs. An unwritten agreement draws a fine line between the campus and the city where the cops are concerned. Security handles the campus drugs while the Athens PD watches over the city.

If you have a choice, stay on the campus.

*Story by Bruce Estes
Photographs by Len Lattman*



" . . . a guy
who likes
horses and
Budweiser"



A possession rap with Security will usually cost a quarter of social probation, a slap on the wrists from John Burns, director of judiciaries, and a warning that another rap will mean suspension and possibly a day in court. With the Athens police a drug arrest usually means court action, unless you can cough up enough information about your friends.

I was at the Athens station one night in the fall talking with Beasley, the night sergeant, trying to warm him up for some inside information while he was trying the same with me. A call came in from the Buckeye Mart for a pick-up on a couple of shoplifters. He asked me if I wanted to come along which I did, but we never made it to the Buckeye Mart.

He circled the block and as we were coming up Court Street his radio crackled to life rasping something about needing some help on Depot Street.

FLASHING BEACON . . . no siren. He spun the squad car around in the center of Court and Union and roared down a narrow alley of bumpers and side panels missing them by inches. He must have hit 60 m.p.h. heading down West Union jerking to a stop behind a house and sprinted up about fifty crumbling steps with a Mace can in his hand. I waited a few minutes and then when up to the house. Two youthful figures emerged from the door. A drug bust.

Inside two other cops were methodically searching the house. Apparently they went to the house to investigate a complaint about a noisy stereo. When they knocked on the door, a voice invited them inside. A mistake when a bag of dope was sitting on the table. In the confusion that followed recognition someone leapt through the front window and escaped on foot after jumping 15 feet from the porch to the ground. The house search produced a couple ounces of marijuana, a three foot hooka and a dozen syringes.

"Smell this," a cop told me handing me a brass pipe. "We got some good stuff on them. I'd rather be doing this kind of work any night than cruising the street."

While drugs provide a diversion for the cops the street cruising keeps them posted to the patterns of the night people. While riding in the backseat of a cruiser I watched the two cops in the front point out

shadowy faces along Union Street.

"You know who he is?" one cop asked the other.

"Yep he lives on West Washington."

I asked them about their identification work. Smiling, one said it was part of his job to know who and where the people are.

"Which people?"

"The people," he shrugged.

One of the main clearing houses of the Athens police station is Charles Cochran. Many picture the captain as a man who has a stranglehold on the city and students. One thing Cochran is, is dynamic. He rushes around the police station fired with a responsibility to keep things running smooth. Demonstrations, dope and catcalls rub against his grain, and disrupt the smoothness. It is exceedingly hard for him to accept the college demonstration and in those situations he often strikes out with arrests leaving reason and rationale for another day. At times I've known him to be incredibly sincere and cooperative, but he's quick tempered and a slave to his own reason and advice. Cochran grew old at the police station. When he came on as a patrolman in the 1950's he had a full head of hair, but his habit of running his hand over his head when he's tense has left a shining furrow down the center of his head.

On most counts Cochran is a cop of a previous decade. A time when a joint was called a reefer and was smoked by jazz band musicians. Drugs bother him, and he's quick to deal with offenders with a night in his jail and testimony in court. He knows when drugs are in the city, which is always, and knows who the big dealers are. He has information coming in from the campus from informers, sometimes volunteered, sometimes through bargains. One night at the station a girl walked in who knew the cops and the dispatcher. After making small talk she pulled an envelope out of her purse and gave it to the dispatcher saying, "Oh, here's my report. See that Charlie gets it."

There's even a kind of respect for the dealers who are good. After several agents from West Virginia had arrested a dealer on the South Green, one cop told me they had been trying to get her for years, but she was too smart. "You had to respect her," he said, "she just

made one bad mistake."

Because Cochran is a cop of the past, dissension has spread through the department. There are two camps with the police: one which sides with Cochran and one that whispers over coffee about his mistakes. A year ago the groups were about equal in size, but now the whispers are growing louder.

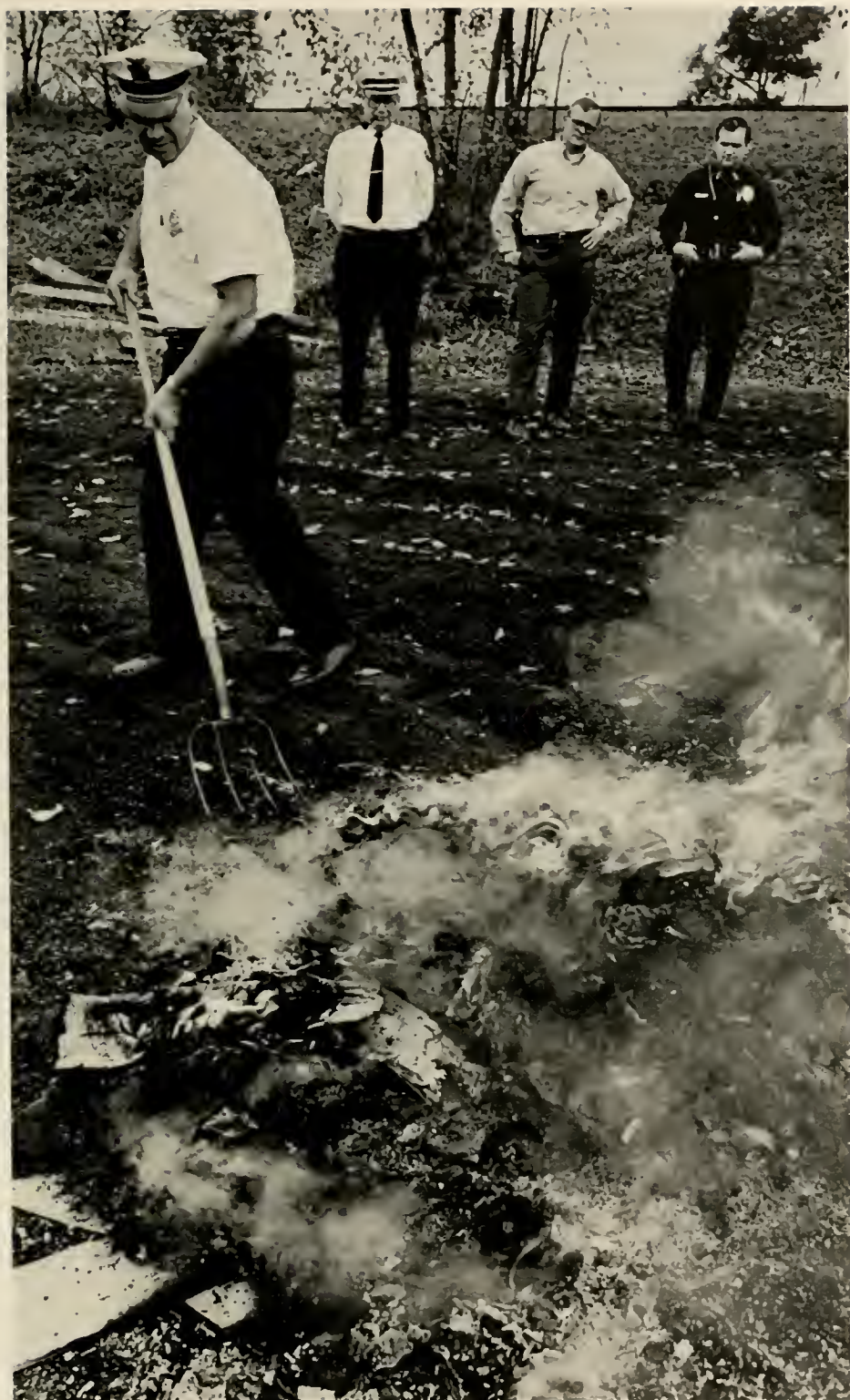
"Charlie's o.k. sometimes," a cop told me, "it's just that sometimes he flies off the handle and makes mistakes that give us all a bad name."

The cops have been striving for professionalism since the 1970 riots when the University and the city were split in half. Many of Cochran's critics see him destroying the professionalism they are trying to establish. By June the Athens PD looked to the coming summer for a solution. With police chief Fred James' health deteriorating it became apparent that a new chief would have to be chosen. Only Cochran and the four sergeants would be eligible for the promotion. The choice will determine police posture to University and city problems for years.

The cops were waiting.



Captain Charles Cochran looks on as the supply of drugs confiscated by the Athens Police Department is destroyed. Cochran, on the force since the 50's, has seen the growth of drug usage from isolated incidents to what he considers "a major problem."







Attaining the 'impossible

There's a certain aura which seems to surround the theater. A certain magic, a certain mystery. Whatever it is, it helps to weave a cloak of fantasy around the audience and actors, engulfing them into the story which is being told. One measure of a play's success is how involved the audience becomes with the plot, whether what happened on stage moved them to laughter, or to tears. By this measurement, the Ohio University Theatre's production of "Man of La Mancha" was indeed a success.

The actual work on the play began more than a month before the first performance. Every night all of the people involved with the play met in the Cline Building studios for a sort of "pre-rehearsal." In addition to learning lyrics and lines, the group trained for the ordeal and strain of performing the play. Under the direction of choreographer Barrie Coy, a series of exercises were done in order to build up the stamina of each person connected with the show. The exercises ranged from simple ballet steps to rigorous body training movements.

Also included in the nightly routines were voice training exercises led by director Bob Winters and musical director Rob Tideman. These were done by everyone, even those with non-singing roles, including staff people. The purpose, besides the actual voice benefits, was to join the group together into a community.

This "feeling of a community" is what prompted Tideman to work on the play. Tideman, an English major, stated that the feeling of "family" that draws everyone connected with the play together is one of the best things about working on such a production.

During these pre-rehearsals, the cast members also discussed the feelings behind the roles they were to play in order to better build the characters.

At the time the Cline Building exercises were being held, work began on the costumes and sets for "La Mancha."

The costumes, which were designed and made under the supervision of Roger Drake, ranged from the simple rags of the prisoners, to the rich costumes of the guards, to the incredible knights of the mirror. All

Story by Linda Wenmoth
Photographs by Andy Burriss



dream'





Bob Winters, play director, shown here was assisted by stage manager and assistant director Ken Frisch and associate director, Karen Kroause; other staff people were musical director Rob Tideman (upper right) and choreographer Barrie Coy (right).





work on the actors' garb was done in the Theatre workshops by students.

The same hold true for the set construction, all of the work was done by students. Paul Staver was in charge of this facet of the play's production.

The set, designed by Winters, consisted of a raised wooden "doughnut" type stage, under which actors not in the scene would hide, so that all the actors were actually "on stage" throughout the entire performance.

In addition, a long ramp was constructed, giving the setting more of a feeling of being a dungeon, the desired effect.

After two weeks, the rehearsals moved into the Forum Theatre. Here the actual blocking of the actor's movements and run throughs of the play began. The company started to blend together into one fluid mass; the actors began to become their roles.

One of the most difficult and demanding roles in the play is that of Aldonza, the whore who is transformed into Quixote's Dulcinea. In the Ohio University production, this part was played by Diane Palmer.

Palmer an acting major in studio, had previously been limited to playing "kookie types, the second female lead," she explained. "But under Robert Hobbs (director of Studio) acting became a whole new thing and it changed my usual parts to younger, more challenging roles."

The curly-haired actress went on to say that this is what prompted her to read for the part in *La Mancha*. "I wanted the role partially for an ego trip but I also wanted it to prove something to myself—to get the part and then to fulfill it," she explained. "It was a really big stretch for me."

Making the character come alive required a great deal of background work by Palmer, and all the actors. For Palmer, this entailed working within the script to discern where Aldonza came from, what kind of background she had, why she was in prison in the first place and why she is like she is. All this was required, Palmer felt, in order not to make Aldonza the "typical whore-type."

"Aldonza uses whoreishness as a pretense," Palmer explained. "She's afraid to show her true inner feelings, afraid to be exposed and then possibly hurt."

"She has the capacity to love and care but because of her treatment, because she's been hurt, she doesn't express her love outwardly."

All this begins to change in the play, according to the leading lady, when Don Quixote, played by Jon Freeman, enters Aldonza's life.

"What he (Don Quixote) does is to expose this inner beauty to her," Palmer said. "Through little transactions he breaks down her past."

But, she went on to stress, this was not actually a transformation of the Pygmalion type. Rather Palmer stated, it's more of a process of "self-realization. She's got the feelings but they've just been suppressed."

"You know, it takes the whole show for Quixote to get Aldonza to reach out to him but he finally does succeed," Palmer observed.

After this feat is accomplished, Aldonza "has a better feeling of herself inside, she has more respect for herself."

"Of course," Palmer went on, "she leads the same type of life as before but now it's not quite as bad. It has made a big dent in the way she treats herself; now she carries herself with more dignity."





Palmer became so involved with her role because she feels Aldonza is everybody, men and women alike. She feels this way because "everybody works under a cover, from a fear of being hurt. Everybody has a kind of turtle shell until one finds someone who helps break them down, gets them to express their real feelings."

According to the young actress, the whole relationship between Quixote and Aldonza is best summed up in the following line from the play: "I (Quixote) see you as the woman each man holds secret in his heart—Dulcinea."

The play itself concerns the plight of Miguel Cervantes, a writer who is thrown in prison during the Spanish Inquisition, along with his companion, Sancho

Panza, played by Michael McGann. They are then put before a kangaroo court by the other prisoners, with their possessions and their lives being put on the line.

As his defense Cervantes conjoles the prisoners into allowing him to put on a play he has written, *Don Quixote*, with himself in the lead and others prisoners acting out the supporting roles. It is now that the story of *Don Quixote de Le Mancha* is unfolded.

Quixote is an aged man who has lost all touch with reality; believing himself to be a knight errant, he goes forth with Sancho to fight all "demons and wizards" in particular, one known as the Enchanter.

Stopping at a wayside inn which he takes to be a castle, Quixote sees and falls in love with the servant Aldonza, who he takes to be a fair lady, Dulcinea.





It took a lot of makeup and time to change Diane Palmer from student (upper left) into the finished character (lower right) of Aldanza.



There follows a battle in which Quixote attempts to defend the "honor" of his lady, who is later raped in retaliation for Quixote's actions.

After an electric scene in which Aldonza denies she is "any kind of a lady," Quixote is faced with his greatest challenge, that of defeating the Enchanter who is, in fact, his niece's fiancée.

The Enchanter and the knights of the mirrors succeed in breaking the spirit of Don Quixote, turning him back into an old, senile man who has nothing more to live for.

In a highly emotional closing scene, he is returned, through the efforts of Aldonza, into being the character Don Quixote, as she becomes his Dulcinea.

The outer play then resumes as Cervantes is called before the Inquisition. But this time he is better prepared, for he has adopted the spirit of Don Quixote.

The production was excellent with stellar performances by Freeman and Palmer. McGann, besides his

rich vocal talents, created an amusing and touching character. All of the supporting actors also performed their roles, for the most part, in a very convincing manner.

The set, which according to Winters, tried to combine the effects of Goya and El Greco, was very realistic and did much to lend an air of credibility to the action.

Although at first the lack of an orchestra was disconcerting, in a short while this was overlooked as one became involved with what was taking place on stage, recorded music and all.

The effect of the costumes, set and actors was one of unity, of a pulling together of loose ends to form a near perfect evening of enjoyment. And much of the credit for this belongs to director Bob Winters who, while acting as head of the production "family" did much to draw out and create the performances that were given.











Story by Nancy Scott
Photographs by Andy Burris, Len Lattmon



Artistry in motion

There is a door in a niche of a building on South Court Street. To many passers-by, it is only a door. Through it, one is led up a steep and narrow flight of stairs which creak with each footstep. Upstairs in the Full Building, which also houses Walgreen Drugs, are a studio and offices of the Ohio University School of Dance.

Rated as one of the top ten in the country, the school is directed by Shirley Wimmer. Three years ago, Wimmer, a University Professor, started the Ohio University Dance Company. She now serves as adviser-coordinator of the company directed by Cynthia Cory Johnston.

Johnston has been at Ohio University for two years now and attributes the dance department's rising reputation to its size. At Ohio University, "each student gets conscientious attention."

In stressing this, she pointed out at universities the size of Ohio State, the dance departments have the disadvantage of being too large and impersonal to be concerned with the development of each individual dancer.

Participation in the Ohio University Dance Company is for credit, as is any other dance course. Membership is open to all interested students, freshmen through seniors, and is not dependent on auditions. While the company includes all dance majors, it also has a significant number of non-majors.

In dance, the choreographer selects the music, the costumes and even the dancers themselves. Specific dancers may be approached, or the choreographer will open auditions for the various numbers.

The evolution of a dance number may begin with an idea, or the choreographer may select a piece of music around which to develop a dance. Johnston's choreography for "Moog" and "Yeti" began this way.

"Moog," originally produced for the Athens Friends and Neighbors and later performed during the company's April concert, is described by Johnston as "a silly ballet piece just for fun." It was not intended to have any real theme.

The idea for "Yeti" came clear to her from a tape of music by Henk Badings. It deals with quickly-moving

people evoking a spirit. The answer to their search came in the form of the Yeti, an intelligent and highly sensitive being, the Abominable Snowman.

While most pieces have definite themes, Johnston advises an audience not to be concerned with trying to interpret the dance but to "just receive the work as it comes to you."

Due to the range of complexity of the works, rehearsal lengths are variable. Rehearsals for "Moog," because of its simplicity, took only three weeks. "Yeti," however, was rehearsed for one quarter.

Also performed during the company's April concert were several works choreographed by students. "Biographies" featured the choreography of Peggy Finnegan and Tom Evert to music by Joe Byrd and the Field Hippies. Deborah Riley's choreography for "Partings" was done to the song "Uncle Albert" by Paul and Linda McCartney. "Nursing Home Blues," an improvised piece, was choreographed by Dana Dodge and Elizabeth Eck.

During the year, visiting artists are invited to the







campus to teach and perform with the company as guests of the School of Dance. This year's visiting artists were Elizabeth Keen, Virginia Freeman and Jan Van Dyke.

Virginia Freeman came to Ohio University for the fall quarter from Arena Stage in Washington, D.C. Her works include "Signs and Alarms," which was performed in the April concert with Marcia Sakamoto acting as rehearsal director.

Sakamoto is also the assistant director of the Ohio University Dance Company and is the choreographer of "Territory," also included in the company's dance repertoire.

Jan Van Dyke was invited to Ohio University on the recommendation of Virginia Freeman. She came to Athens from New York and Washington, where she was the director of the Georgetown Dance Workshop. She first came to Athens for four weeks. Her second visit brought her here for three years.

The Ohio University Dance Company has no formal ties with internship programs however, students can arrange summer study at such places as Long Beach, Calif.; Boulder, Colo. and Connecticut College. Sometimes, students devise their own summer program for which they can get credit.

To bring themselves in closer contact with the community, a group of dance students formed The Movement. The group presents concerts on the greens and bake sales to raise money for a scholarship fund.

Financially, the Ohio University Dance Company was previously under the auspices of the Ohio University Theater. It is now independent and operating on its own budget.

The company, hopefully, will present three concerts during the next school year. In addition to the school concert, one will be devoted to works by faculty members and guest artists, and the second will be of students' works.



"No end to the music"

Music is playing inside my head
Over and over and over again
My friend, there's no end to the music









Ah, summer is over
But the music keeps playing
And won't let the cold get me down



Goal of CEC:

Making music happen



The Campus Entertainment Committee (CEC), entering its fourth year of business, has not enjoyed a quiet existence since its inception in 1969. The group responsible for booking major concerts, CEC has been criticized for, among other things, lack of responsiveness to the campus community. The committee, however, objects that it tries to sample musical tastes accurately.

Many of CEC's problems seem to arise from structural difficulties rather than ineptitude—it receives no subsidy from the University, and is forced to book money-making acts; it must book concerts on certain dates only and the size of Ohio University makes it nearly impossible to please everyone.

The rationale for a central group coordinating entertainment goes back to the days when private groups had to arrange concerts through Student Activities Board (SAB). Originally required to turn over all profits

As Chairman of the 1971-72 Campus Entertainment Committee, Ron Espasita, shown here, was largely responsible for the year's music scene. He also assisted other groups who were interested in putting on a concert, such as the Cavern people with their Ohio University Folk Festival held last spring.



*Story by Ken Walker
Photographs by Andy Burriss, Charlie Nye*



to the University scholarship fund, groups were allowed to split the money when the Convocation Center was built.

But that first year, '68-69, proved to be a financial bust for most concerts. Simon and Garfunkel did pack the house for Homecoming, and the Supremes duplicated the feat in January of '69. But when Diana Ross & Co. showed up late and played very little, students were miffed. Three weeks later, only 4200 showed up to hear Bill Cosby. Later, James Brown drew 2800 and a spring concert with Jose Feliciano and Led Zeppelin only managed 4200. Private groups were ill-suited to take losses if concerts failed to attract good crowds.

During the '68-69 year Bob Ruday, then assistant director of public occasions, drew up a proposal for CEC, which later became a subcommittee of SAB. In the fall of '69, Dionne Warwick and John Hartford headlined CEC's first concert at Homecoming.

Propping up CEC is a \$25,000 reserve fund, in case a concert is a bust. Any profits over that go to the Students' General Fund. In its current form, CEC consists of 15 people, including a chairman who is responsible for making contacts with music promoters. The rest of the group handles three areas—publicity, hospitality and physical arrangements.

Although not necessarily limited to this art form, "the overwhelming demand has been for music," according to Ron Esposito, chairman during the '71-72 year. "We could put on roller derby or circus," he said,

"but other groups seem to be handling other entertainment pretty well."

Much work goes on behind the scenes, starting in CEC's downstairs Memorial Auditorium office. Taking a number of random campus surveys during the year, the committee attempts to determine local music preferences. After consulting trade magazines to see how the various acts are doing in the country, the chairman contacts agencies to see what groups are available for a certain date.

Dates are first snag in CEC's operation. "Dates cut out about 50 per cent of the groups we can get," Esposito explained. "We may miss a group by a week or even three days. People have to realize we can only get groups on tour at a certain time."

The arrangements are no easy task, either, he said. "People in the music business are ego-tripping schmucks," Esposito opined. "This is the only business where the customer always gets screwed. You have to accept it, 'cause there ain't no way to change it. You have to have ego to keep going in this business."

After the committee narrows down its alternatives, it votes on which group to choose for a concert. Negotiating contracts takes about two weeks. Then come publicity arrangements, handling of complimentary tickets, finding lodging for the group, tending to backstage details and the actual setup of the stage and chairs.

Stage work takes all day, according to Bob Scanlan,

who is starting his second year on the committee. "You have to be there at 7 a.m. to set up chairs," he said, "then sit around for awhile. Then you work with sound equipment and sit around for a few hours; then get the other group's equipment and sit around again. The sound men are usually there in plenty of time, so that everything works out during the concert."

Charges of lack of responsiveness have bothered CEC. "We have to book mainstream acts," Esposito said. "We can't operate losing money." Allyson Halmi, starting her second year with CEC, commented "It would help if more people would stop down and talk; we'll talk to anyone." Rich Nolan, '72-'73 chairman, called for more communication from the campus population. "I wish people would look at the acts in the context of the whole campus, instead of judging them only by individual tastes," he said. Satisfying people is the aim, member Lou Suppowitz said, but that's not easy. "You can think 'till your brain melts, but there's not much you can do to please everybody."

If CEC seems confused over popularity, students don't clarify the situation. A random Athena survey taken last spring revealed 34 students thought CEC was doing a good job, 48 said fair, and 18 voted poor. More revealing is the fact that 100 respondents ticked off 70 groups or singers they would like to hear, including lone votes for Johnny Mathis and Henry Mancini.

Traditional favorites such as Neil Young, the Moody Blues, Carole King, The Who, and Cat Stevens were frequently mentioned. But as Nolan points out, the

best aren't always available.

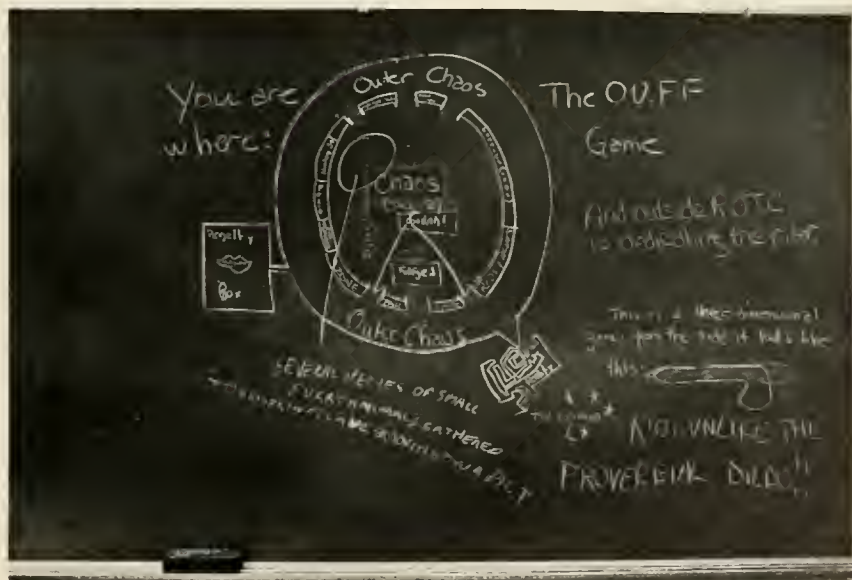
The array of comments were just as confusing. Several students complained there was a need for variation, pointing to a concentration on rock music and lack of jazz or blues. But then a student claimed "the concerts give a good basis of variety." Others didn't quarrel with the direction, but charged there weren't enough big names—"they could be doing a lot more for a major university," one student said. One admitted it was very tough to judge because "not everyone likes the same groups." And one graduate student refused to attend concerts at all "because the students are so piggy."

Another complaint students raise is the security in the Convo; one woman spoke of "all those cops flashing the lights." A man emphasized "stop the police harassment;" but there is little CEC can do. The University's well-worn antismoking, eating, and drinking regulations won't budge, and "the police are there to do their job," as one member explained.

Director of Public Occasions Richard Stevens, advisor to CEC, claimed he is responsible for anything that happens at a concert. "Students aren't living up to their desires of seeing a group if they're smoking; there are seven to eight thousand people endangered if there are any accidents.

"We had one case where a girl fell down and almost broke her nose because she was 'out of it,'" Stevens said. "One guy could still be laying behind a row if we hadn't found him. If kids want to get stoned, they should do it before they get there."

Problems have been part of CEC's life since 1969,



and '71-72 was no different. Booking and ticket problems caused James Taylor ducats to be released late, going on sale only three days before the concert. When Sweet Baby James played Athens last October, 7600 greeted him, several thousand short of a sellout. It was only non-sellout on his 30-date tour.

On Campus Dialogue in November, Esposito said "It's 99 per cent sure that Jefferson Airplane will be here Jan. 28. But that one per cent can kill you." When the Airplane cancelled, it was murder. Sly was booked in his place, but the Family Stone pulled its usual act and left after 45 minutes, leaving Antar Mberi of Afro-American Affairs to suggest a "nationwide boycott be put on his performances as well as the purchase of his albums 'till he learns the old adage—You got to give some to take some'."

In February, Sha Na Na and the James Gang rolled in for Little Siblings' weekend. Sha Na Na broke down the house, which quickly dissipated when it found out that James Gang was missing its prime member, Joe Walsh. "The damn agency never told us about that," Esposito said, "until it was too late."

The second weekend in April, CEC, in conjunction with Black Studies Institute, presented a jazz concert with the McCoy Tyner Quartet and Larry Coryell. Only some 800 persons showed up, and CEC lost money.

It appeared that Emerson, Lake and Palmer, rated seventh in campus surveys over the winter, would draw a sizeable audience later in April. However, only 5400 showed up, and CEC took a thousand dollar bath. If that wasn't enough, guest stars West, Bruce and Laing thought they had top billing and refused to play first that night. Luckily folk singer Lost John was secured two hours before the concert. He played for fifteen minutes and West, Bruce and Laing were persuaded to go on.

Attendance figures fail to clarify popularity in musical tastes, further perplexing the committee. The Carpenters, whose selection drew more vocal criticism than any other act, played to 8200 persons at Home-

coming, second only to the 9200 for the Sha Na Na-James Gang concert. The Carpenters' attendance figure led one member to theorize "you could put almost anything on stage for Homecoming and it would draw a crowd."

Emerson, Lake and Palmer, rated in the campus' top ten, failed to draw a break-even crowd, partially because the gig was on a Thursday night. But Taylor drew 7600 on a Thursday night, which prompted Stevens to comment that even people who have been in the entertainment business for years haven't got a successful formula for drawing crowds. Whatever CEC's problems, both Stevens and Nolan promise an increase in its scope during the coming year. "We will start polling 6000 students with computer cards instead of 600," Stevens said. "I think it shows a great effort to poll one-third of the student body." No Thursday concerts are planned, he said. But the situation could arise, he added, if the committee feels it's worth it to get a certain group.

"CEC's going to attempt to broaden its scope," Nolan said. "We're going to try to get with the Cavern and Campus Arts and spend a little money from the larger concerts on local talent. Image-wise, it will be good; it will help people to know us as more than the monolithic organization down in the flying saucer," he added.

The committee will be aiming to strengthen its efforts this year, to "experiment and expand." Nolan said. Although music has softened from the San Francisco '60's sound, he still sees big concerts as having definite appeal. "People want to see someone when he's big," Nolan said. "You'll never see a big act in a small coffeehouse, unless he's a has been."

As long as the demand endures, CEC plans to present the big names. Until some changes are made at higher levels, CEC cannot make any earth-shattering changes in its format. And at the moment, nobody has proposed a better alternative.





Pictures are forming inside my brain
Soon with the colors they'll rain together and grow
Then don't you know, don't you know there'll be music







Ah, it's not always easy
But the music keeps playing
And won't let the world get me down



In search of a dream

Story by Linda Wenmoth
Photographs by Andy Burris

For two Ohio University professors, the search for their particular dreams took on a concrete form this past year. Though varied in purpose, both shared a sincerity and dedication to their goals.

Robert Whealey became involved in his project almost by chance. He had planned on spending this election year working for presidential hopeful Senator George McGovern. Instead he became a candidate himself for the tenth congressional district.

"There was a power vacuum here," the history professor explained. "The party thinks (Congressman Clarence) Miller is unbeatable and no one was willing to take the chance."

But, even with the odds against him, Whealey decided to enter the campaign.

However, the response to his candidacy was disappointing.

"The reaction from students has been somewhat apathetic," according to Whealey. "They don't see

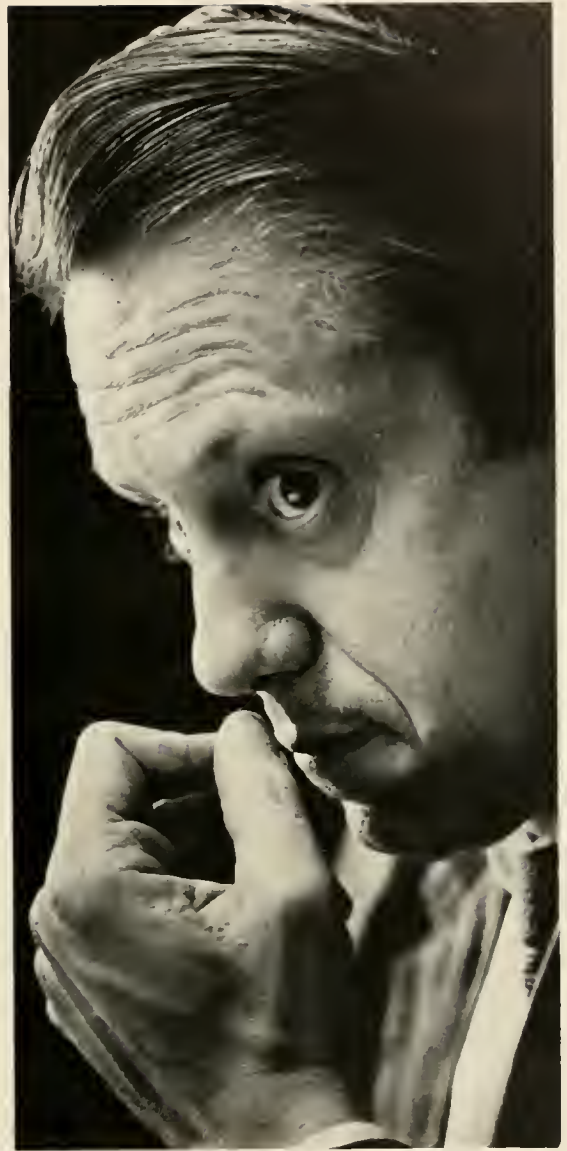
how they can fit into the system and are a little suspicious of any candidate."

Explaining that one can only speak of a system in terms of an alternate system, Whealey claimed the present situation to be one of nihilism. He went on to describe this as being "irrational confusion and acts. People are frustrated and confused and there is no moral leadership, no one to follow."

His idea for an alternate system is "close to McGovern's" and a little like the new populism espoused by Senator Fred Harris.

In developing a new politics," Whealey stated one of the first things to be changed would be politicians. Describing himself as being one-fourth Christian, one-fourth liberal, one-fourth anarchist and one-fourth socialist, Whealey claims that taking the best elements of each of these would solve our present political dilemma.





Whealey was opposed for the democratic nomination in the May primary by Jack Crisp, who he defeated by a 2 to 1 margin.

"The primary was very much like an experiment. I didn't know the situation, so I was prepared for all outcomes," Whealey stated. "It was similar to a judge waiting for a jury to return their decision—I presented my case before the voters and got only a poker face reaction. I had no way of predicting how I was received."

Whealey became a historian because of the Korean War. While he states that "no historian is totally objective," Whealey attempts to make students aware of the basic concepts of historical events. In doing this, he stated he was fighting against "the total apathy and prejudice built up by the cliches of the mass media."

"At this point, ideology doesn't matter, the motivation is most important. Students have to be taught to be critical of themselves and of other historians."

Although he claims the campaign has not affected



his role as a professor, he does say his family life has changed. "My kids see less of me now but they're very excited and emotionally involved with my campaign," Whealey said.

His wife, also, has been very active in his political bid, so much so that, according to Whealey, "some think she's a better candidate than I am."

Win or lose, he regards the campaign as being "very educational" and is prepared for either outcome in the November election.

But for Julia Nehls, her dream is finally becoming a reality. For during the budget hearings last spring, the University agreed to finance a day care center.

The day care center, according to Nehls, is something that has been needed badly for a long time. She cites the growing number of students, as well as staff people, with children. But she does not feel the day care should be limited to University people only.

"I feel quite strongly about including the Athens community in the center," Nehls explained. "Right now about 90 per cent of our children are faculty children and this is not enough of a cross section for teaching. A much broader scope is needed as far as the teaching experience goes."

The concept of day care is also changing, according to Nehls. "What women libbers want is nothing more than a babysitting service and this is something I could never support. Day care should always be an educational facility."

"The children should be given the opportunity to expand their knowledge, their environment," she stated. "The center's facilities should help them to develop mentally and socially as well as physically."

Nehls would further like to expand the day care concept to include infants from two months old to five years old instead of the present policy of three and four year olds only.

Besides serving the parents and children, the program would also be an aid to those students who are in child development. Describing the increase in demand for trained students in this area as "booming," Nehls further stated the day care center would "upgrade the whole child development area. It would help in nutrition, social welfare and provide us with the opportunity for more research, an area in which we were really limited."

Another service Nehls would like to tie into the center would be parent volunteer training.

"Through this, parents can learn more about their own child as well as children in general," Nehls explained. "It also would be most helpful to the students in child development since it would provide them with insight into working with parents and with volunteers."

The Director of Nursery Schools at Ohio University went on to explain that she does not feel the University has an obligation to fund the day care program. Nehls feels such a program should be self-supporting

with a sliding fee scale by income ranges. However, she does admit it is less expensive to use, and expand, the existing facilities and faculty.

A love for children and an understanding of their needs prompted Nehls to enter her field. Although it is a rapidly expanding area, she does not feel everyone can be a day care teacher.

"It takes pretty special people to do this kind of work with preschool children that will develop their minds and bodies," she explained. "It takes someone with a vital interest in what they are doing."

Her work and dedication to the day care program have proven Nehls' "vital interest" in the area and portrayed her as a "pretty special person."



They came in droves to conquer the hills, race in the chilly March air and explore the great southeast. People strolled through town, carrying the front tire of their chained bike, and derailers lost their obscurity in the common vocabulary. The bicycle population of Athens boomed this year as ten speeds of all nationalities rolled on the rugged turf of Athens' roads.

The city became involved with the influx of new traffic as bike routes were established, bike stores came to capitalize and legislation required all bikes driving at night to carry a headlight, reflector and horn to be street legal. The stolen bike industry hit Athens at a rate to give the local police an extra headache.

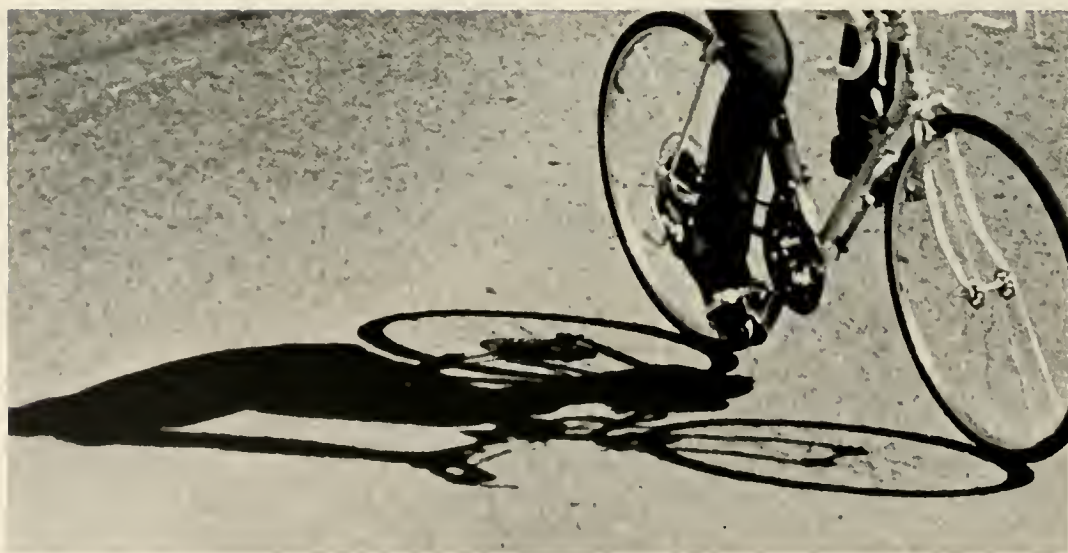


A chance to

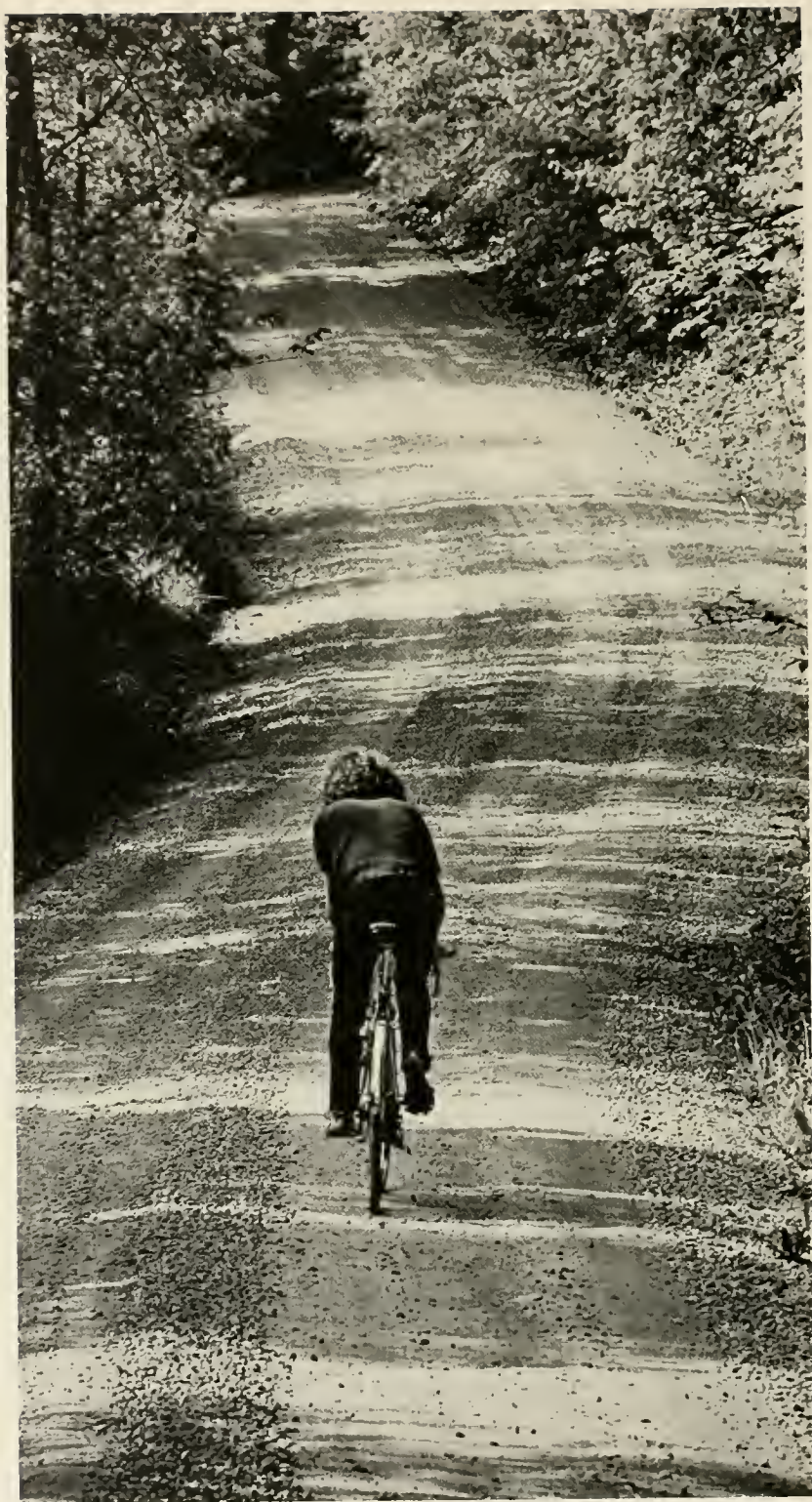


ride free

Story by David Frishberg
Photographs by Andy Burriss









When a bike is chained to a parking meter it can be easily pulled over the meter, ridden off, painted, shipped to Columbus or Dayton, and chances are you'd never recognize or retrieve it again. If you are lucky enough to keep your bike, there's contending with the motorist who hogs the crumbling road and edges you off onto the shoulder.

However, when you get out on Route 56, Dairy Lane, or Hastings Road, the feeling of gliding down a hill in a tucked position going forty miles per hour without an engine below you, makes one forget he ever waited ten minutes behind a smoking car on Union Street for the light to turn green.

Some ride for the sport, others race, some ride in the bike class and one person rides ten miles to his home in a teepee. The feeling of cycling in mass, popping a wheelie, driving alone down a narrow footpath and watching a tandem, a bicycle built for two, go by, epitomizes the art of cycling.

Sit-in leads to jail

The 1971-72 school year ended pretty much like it began, with a strike. Except the second time it was the students on strike instead of the non-academic workers.

The strike came as a reaction to President Richard Nixon's announcement that the U.S. was going to mine the harbors of North Vietnam in an attempt to halt their offensive into South Vietnam. He also ordered stepped-up bombing of North Vietnam, especially the railroad lines.

This came as somewhat of a shock, since previously all one heard was how Nixon was "winding down the war" and how good his "Vietimization policy" was working. Demonstrations and petitions emerged the next day, answering the President's request to have people let their reaction known.





Story by Lindo Wenmoth
Photographs by Charlie Nye



At Ohio University, a meeting was held in the Baker Center ballroom on May 9 to decide what action would be taken locally. But the discussion only lasted 30 minutes at which time participants decided to go to the greens in an effort to recruit more protestors.

Their efforts resulted in more than 1000 people who gathered at the intersection of Court and Union streets. The group remained at that spot until a little after midnight, when they were pushed back onto the College Green by Athens city police. The action came as a result of the group building a bonfire under the signal light at the intersection as well as the breaking of a window.

"It was the combination of the bonfire and the broken window of the College Book Store, which was probably broken by someone other than the people assembled" which, according to Athens Mayor Donald Barrett, caused him to order the police action taken. Barrett, who had been present on the street throughout the night, maintained a low-key position for the law-enforcement personnel.

After staying on the green a short while, 250 of the

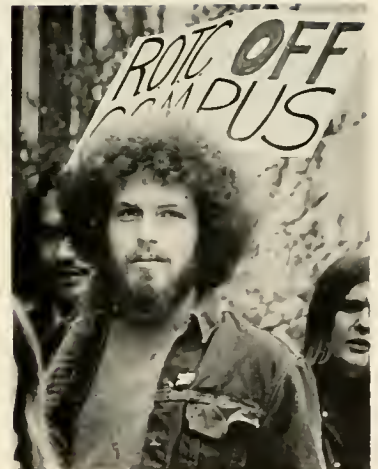


protestors decided to stage a sit-in at Lindley Hall, which houses the University's Reserve Officer's Training Corps (ROTC). They stayed in the Hall for about four hours with the demonstration adding to its protest that of eliminating ROTC from the Ohio University campus.

At 3:30 a.m., the protestors were ordered to leave Lindley or face action by the University Security Police. The ultimatum, ordered by University President Claude Sowle, was delivered by University Advocate John Stimmel and John Burns, University judiciary director.

About 15 minutes later, approximately 170 of the protestors left the building, chanting "All we are saying, is give peace a chance." Once out they reassembled across from the building, where they chanted anti-war slogans. A few began shouting obscenities at the police which caused several to be chased by the police; three were arrested at this time. The remainder of those who left the sit-in were then pushed onto the College Green.

At 4 a.m., Sowle made good his announcement and





the 77 students and faculty members were arrested by University Security police, Athens City, Athen county and several area police department members, and charged under Ohio House Bill 1219.

The arrests were carried on in a peaceful manner. The police, who had been cautioned against using "excessive force" by Assistant Security Director William Kane, went into the building in fours where they brought out the people, had them photographed, searched and placed on one of two buses. The buses took the Athens 77, as they came to be known, to the Athens County Fairgrounds where they were incarcerated for the night.

Among the 77 were two non-students and two faculty members. The latter were Ron Hunt, instructor in government and Robert Bates, history instructor.

At a later press conference Sowle explained why he had decided to employ the statutes under 1219 instead of another alternative. He stated that at the time of the demonstration he was faced with three courses of action. They were: allowing the protestors to stay in the building as long as they wished to remain; per-









mitting the students to remain in the building until morning and then take action if there was any interference with the normal building operation or explaining the legal consequences of their actions to the students, giving them ample time to leave of their own accord and then moving in to arrest the remainder.

According to Sowle, "the first alternative would have been easiest to follow, but in the long run would have been most harmful to the University."

The second alternative, he explained, "would have created greater dangers of a confrontation than those already existing."

"Although many other schools have followed the first alternative (allowing students to remain as long as they wished) in many cases, and we want to leave persons as much freedom as possible for discussion, it must be realized that everybody here has a right to pursue the work he or she came to the University to do without intrusion from others," Sowle stated emphatically.

His decision came after consultations with other ad-

ministrators and also from a wrongful guess on the part of the president. Sowle admitted that he gave the order believing all, or nearly all, of the 250 people in Lindley would leave once the ultimatum was delivered. He went on to say some of the other administrators had thought the number choosing to remain would be somewhat higher.

Since Sowle had frequently spoken against House Bill 1219, it came as a surprise to many people when he decided to use it during the Lindley Hall sit-in. He explained this by saying "I assumed it was my responsibility to carry out the laws of the state. I am not here to decide which laws should be enforced.

"One must examine the statutes of the locality and find the one dealing most with the action at hand."

House Bill 1219, he explained, presupposes that the defendant is of some danger to the campus and therefore should not be allowed to remain. The burden of proof lies with the person charged; he must demonstrate why he should be permitted to stay on campus and not be expelled.





However, if an individual charged under 1219 is found guilty as charged in Athens Municipal Court, an automatic one year dismissal would be enacted.

A \$1000 bond was set for the Athens 77, a figure many protested as being excessive. By the morning following the arrests, several students had already organized collection funds to aid in releasing those still held.

Two members of the Cleveland Lawyers Guild, Tony Walsh and Robert Handleman, volunteered their services to the defendant with no charge, except for expenses. Another attorney, Lawrence Grey who is a candidate for Athens County Prosecutor, offered his services as a consultant to the other lawyers.

The three were later joined by other attorneys in defending the Athens 77.

However, after gaining a continuance of all cases, proceedings were halted on May 18 when the Ohio Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union filed a federal lawsuit challenging the constitutionality of House Bill 1219. The suit was filed by ACLU staff council Leonard Schwartz.

The 13 page complaint and 14 page memorandum named as defendants University President Claude R. Sowle, all four referees appointed to conduct the 1219 hearings, the entire University Board of Trustees and the Ohio Board of Regents, including Chancellor John D. Millett.

The suit claims that 1219 violates the United States Constitution since it inadequately provides for counsel, promotes a community climate which is hostile to a fair trial on criminal charges, fails to provide for a specification of charges, permits suspension for offenses other than those with which the defendant is charged, makes presumptions of guilt, and permits double jeopardy.

Other complaints against the bill mentioned in the suit were that it allows conviction for vaguely described offenses, prohibits overly broad categories of expression, fails to adequately define disruption and singles out a narrow class of citizens for penalties more severe than the rest of the community.

Once the suit was filed, referee Edwin Johnston granted a "stay" to the remaining 1219 hearings until the suit was settled. According to Attorney Schwartz, the final hearing on the lawsuit would take "six months to a year. Very likely with the pace in federal court, a final hearing on the constitutionality of 1219 may well be that long."

With the proceedings coming to a sudden halt, and the school year coming to a close, interest by other than the 77 and those directly involved began to die out. The excitement was over, school had again remained open and not much had actually happened to the majority of the campus population.



Seniors

Achberger, Cathryn
Ackison, Susan
Accella, Kathy
Adams, Jack L.



Adcock, Lyle S.
Ahl, Barbara
Akronowitz, David J.
Alexander, Diane Marie





Amey, Herbert
Amey, JoAnn
Anderson, Kenneth J.



Andresen, Keith Lewis
Arcara, Francine
Archer, Joyce Darlene



Arnheim, Donald B.
Auerbach, Iris Denise
Awodi, Alhaji B.
Bagby, Marcy



Baggaley, Catherine
Bair, Debbie



Bair, Susan
Ballard, Janice
Ballinger, Charles William



Banas, Mark J.
Bandy, Vikki
Bangav, John C.

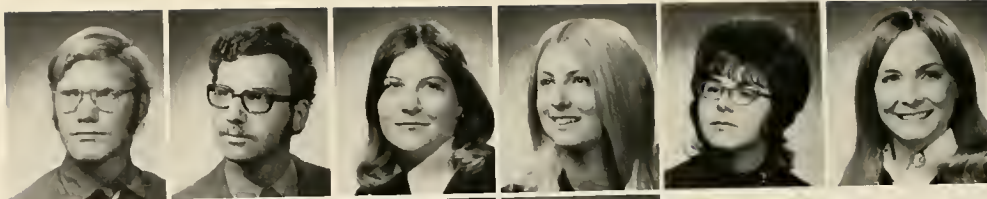


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Barile, Joseph
Barnes, Erich Jr.



Barnhart, Anne Marie
Barr, George Matthew
Barr, Richard A.
Bartasevich, J. P.
Barth, Charles A.

Bartholow, James R.
Bassow, Michael F.
Bauer, Mary Eileen
Bayer, Peggine
Beasley, Eleesa A.
Beavers, Jeanne



Beck, Judith
Becker, Thomas M.
Beckett, Rebecca F.



Belcher, Gary S.
Bell, Anne



Bell, Mike
Beluscak, James



Bennett, Michael Joseph
Benton, Teri



Beougher, June M.
Bernhard, Wendi M.
Bethel, James



Bevelhumer, Darlene
Biagini, Michael
Bidwell, Joanna

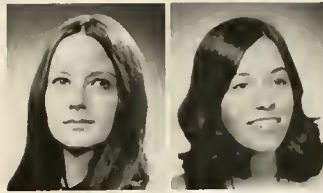


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Bingham, Corleen
Biondo, Stephen Michael
Black, Lawrence Jay
Blank, Janet Christine





Blewer, Alma Lee
Blumenthal, Wanda



Boehm, Charles H.
Bohlen, Cynthia
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Borgert, Janet



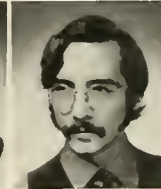
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Bowling, Mary Elizabeth



Bowman, Vicki Lynne
Box, William R.
Brachfeld, Howard Bruce
Braden, Rhonda



Brand, Shelley L.
Brandt, Helen Louise



Bredon, Jan T.
Brier, Kenneth L.
Brinkworth, Maureen
Broem, William C.



Brous, Linda
Brown, Brenda Joyce
Brown, Stephen C.



Browning, Treva
Bruno, Kim

Buckley, Donna
Bui, Manh Cuong
Burke, Lynda E.
Burkhard, Mark R.
Butriss, Andrew Robert
Busemeyer, Connie



Bushong, Deborah
Bussev, Richard Alan



Butler, Terri S.
Butler, Thomas A.



Bynan, Chari Lynn
Byron, Candace
Cage, Barbara
Caldwell, Faye
Campanella, Thomas S.
Cannelongo, Joseph



Canterbury, Linda S.
Carder, Mary Sue



Carey, Christine
Carmichael, Ronald L.



Carr, Barbara
Carnill, Linda



Casey, Sara Beth
Cash, Michele





Catlett, Richard W.
Cavanaugh, Susan Carol
Ceepo, Karen Lee



Cenci, Albert L.



Ceraso, Michael J.
Certner, Susan
Cervenak, Catherine
Chakiris, Athena P.



Chambers, Diane Marie
Chapman, Martha French



Chelf, Judy Carol
Cheng, Edmund kai-Lien
Chijner, Myron P.



Christ, Michael J.
Christenson, Jeff
Cibrowski, Leona
Cicero, Natalie M.



Circle, James
Cirincione, Ross S.
Cirrito, James F.



Clair, Rodney A.
Clark, Constance Mozingo
Clark, C. Randolph
Clay, Richard Thomas
Clemence, David Burns
Clements, Gail

Clifford, Lance E.
Clingman, Stephen Lewis
Cochenour, Ronald Allen



Cochran, Sylvester Thomas
Cohen, Nancy R.
Comko, Deborah Ann
Conant, Luther C. III



Connelly, Olga
Connor, Laura A.



Conrad, Nancy
Conrad, Randy
Conti, Harlan H.
Cook, Kathy



Cook, Virginia Ruth
Coon, Mark R.



Cooper, Delores Renee
Cooperrider, Patrice Ann
Coran, Shelley Jo



Corbett, Thomas W.
Cordial, Denny
Corsi, Dennis



Cowart, Dehorah K.
Coyne, John J.
Crabbe, Sue Carolyn
Craig, Ralph Dean





Crates, Mary Ellen
Crews, Glen R.



Crites, Susan
Cross, Timothy Wayne
Crotinger, Trudi
Crowle, Barbara



Crumrine, Allan John



Cruz-Saeni, Gonzalo
Curnutte, Brenda Joyce
Curtis, Geoffrey Alan
Cyran, Edward Emil
Czerniejewski, Halina J.



Dale, Geraldine



Dalton, Robert E. Jr.
Daman, Cynthia
D'Angelo, Jeanne



Dankert, Christine Clair
Darling, Hope Iris
Daugherty, Donna
Davidson, Paolette
Davis, Verna



Decker, Lucinda L.
Detoache, Yvonne Eleanor
Demaree, Elizabeth Colcord
Demko, Patricia A.
DeMuth, Deborah

Denmark, Kenneth N.
Denning, William G.
DePue, Jo Helen



Derrick, John W.
Deskins, Sonja
Deutschberger, Lois Ann



DeWitt, Catharine C.
Dilley, Fred A.
Dillon, Mary Jo
Dimoff, Cheryl Lynn
Dimoff, Steve A.



Doctor, Andi
Domicone, Harry A.
Dorr, Harry J.
Doss, Paula Clare
Doutt, James A.



Drake, Gine D.



Drapkin, Joanne B.
Drobnik, Kathy
Du, Vu Van
Dubsky, Karen Sue



DuGai, David J.
Duncan, John B.
Duong, Dao Thanh
Lckard, Patricia





Ecklar, Patrick
Eichelberger, John
Elder, Heidi



Ellinger, Cheryl Ann
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Engler, James H.
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Esselstein, Karen Sue
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Everitt, Jayne R.
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Feeser, Timothy L.
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Forhan, Laurie
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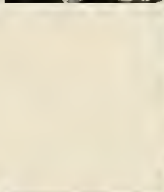




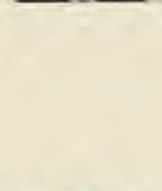
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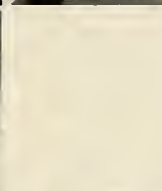
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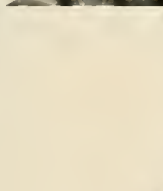
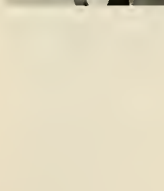
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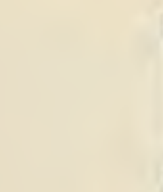
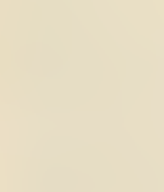
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Greenberg, Howard



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Grimaldi, Tony



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Handley, Laurel Ann





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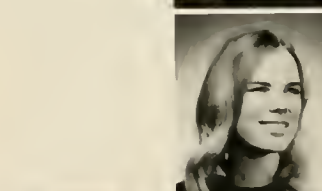
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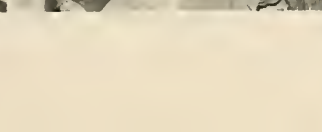
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Henkin, Fred



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Herdt, Jonathan G.



Herr, Nancy K.
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Hie, Lim Tjoen
Higginbotham, Linda
Higginbotham, Martha Swartz
Hildebrandt, Roger A.



Hiles, John Christian
Hinger, Richard S.
Ho, Joanna



Hotacker, Suzette
Hoffman, Amy



Hofman, Francie
Hofman, Robert Haines
Hofto, Rebecca Ann
Hogg, J. Walter
Hoitsma, Robert B.



Holderman, Lynne Wesley
Holland, Vicki



Hollenbaugh, Linda
Hollender, Richard G.
Holm, Charles D.





Hnnigstock, Murray
Hooper, Roger D.
Hontman, Judy
Hornv, Susan M.
Hosack, Linda
Hottinger, Robert D.



Houston, Harriet



Huffman, Cynthia
Huffman, Glenn Jr.



Hughes, Janie
Hunter, Debra Dare
Hunter, Patricia L.
Hunter, Steven G.



Huntsman, William Floyd
Hurwin, Ralph
Husk, Elizabeth Anne
Huston, Melanie



Hutchinson, Kathy



Ibana, Anthonia Eno
Ickert, Tom Robert



Igleburger, Debbie
Isley, Lauryn Rogers
Ivanv, Ronald
Jackson, Marian Bradley
Jackson, Percie O'Neal

Jackson, Robin
Jeffrey, Gary
Jenkins, Edson H.
Jinks, William R.



Johans, Rosemary E.
Johnson, Helen Yvonne



Johnson, Keith M.
Johnson, Sheila L.



Jones, Larry L.
Jones, Marjorie Arlene
Jones, Paul



Joseph, Douglas G.
Kafun, Dolores A.



Kantrowitz, Robert Marc
Kap-lung, Bang
Kardon, Suzanne



Karman, Howard
Karshan, Andrea
Katz, Deena
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Kehm, Robert J.



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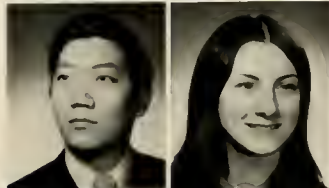




Kielhasa, Ano
Kihm, Darole Ann



Kimen, Lawrence A.
King, Anne Elizabeth



King, Ernest
King, Gayle



Kinoshita, Hideli Martins
Kinsel, Patricia



Kiro, Patricia
Klein, Mary Jane



Kleio, Randy Elise
Klingbiel, Mary Ann



Klok, Jane Christoe
Kluznik, Jack
Koch, Kathy Rae
Kocias, R. Dale
Koegler, Karen
Kolenich, Gregory P.



Koles, Kenneth Richard
Korn, Linda
Korn, Richard
Kost, Harold B.
Kowaleski, Kathleen Ellen
Kozlowski, Anthony



Kraig, Jack
Kuivila, David
Kuk, Donald
Kunde, Luanne



Kwiatkoski, Carol Anne
Laird, Diana
Landers, Diane
Landis, M. Elizabeth



Landsperger, Flugie
Lane, James S.



Langford, Myke
Lapp, Adrienne
Larson, Ronald E.
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Latta, John P.
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Lee, Young Koo
Leisky, Steven Craig

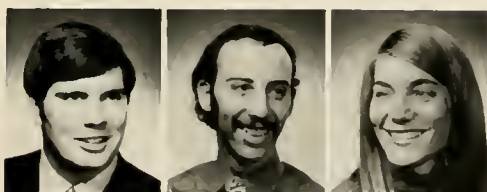
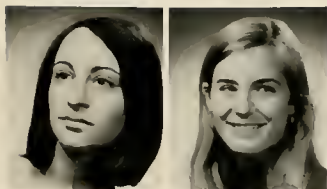


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Lesser, Stuart M.
Levin, Marc





Lewis, Kathleen C.
Libby, Beth

Lieberman, Kathy
Lindemuth, Coralee
Linker, Bruce
Lintern, Susan

Lipman, Meryl Lynn
Lippiner, Jerry

Lockard, Steven H.
Logan, Donna Lynn

Logan, Ila
Long, Bob

Lottman, Lester P.
Lucas, Pamela
Lugo, Lydia Esther
Lutes, Judith

Lybarger, Susan

Lynch, James Terrence
Lyon, Alfred H.
Lyon, Patricia
Mackie, Joan Karin

Macri, Joseph Jr.
Madden, Shirley Jean
Madru, Stephen A.
Mahaffey, Jacquelyn



Mahaffey, Kim Charles
Makowski, Beverly
Malonev, Susan



Mampel, Susan
Mandelsohn, Deena



Mann, Steven L.
Marcy, Eileen
Marrs, Robert E.
Martin, Patricia
Martin, Patricia Ann



Martin, Paul E.
Martys, Elizabeth



Mathews, Dave F.
Matthews, Dee Dee
Mattox, Kayla Jean
Mauney, Candice Renee



Maybury, Peter John
Maynard, Donna Sue
Mayo, Edward E.
Mayo, Patricia M.



Masper, Emogene
McCall, Nancy L.





McCann, George Dennis
McCartan, Ann Catherine
McCarty, Monena



McCaslin, Sally Ann
McChesney, Carol
McCurdy, Mary Ann



McDowell, Timothy Mark
McIntroy, Dennis Lee
McGraw, Peggy Lou
McKnight, John Robert Jr.



McLaughlin, Patrick M.
McManus, Marjorie
McMurdo, Linda A.



McNally, Mary H.
McNeel, Susan A.
Mears, Mary Marcia



Mettlev, Terry
Mercede, Frank Joseph
Meyer, Jane
Mevers, Sharon



Michael, Donna
Michaels, Iric M.



Michel, Frank S.
Mignin, George
Milanich, Janice
Miller, David R.

Miller, Jacqueline Lou
 Miller, Joyce Ann
 Miller, Stephen



Miller, Susan Lee
 Mitchell, Donald J.



Mitchell, Jack
 Mitchell, Maurice Glenn
 Moats, James
 Mok, Jane Po-Chan
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Moldovan, Cynthia Rae



Mondshein, Arthur
 Montavnn, Len
 Montgomery, Jill Ann
 Moore, Barbara



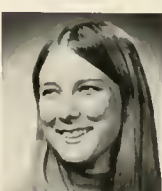
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 Mueller, Zane G.



Muhonen, Suzanne
 Murphy, James Joseph
 Murray, Cathy M.





Musgrove, Judy
Musick, Pamela R.
Musick, Steven A.



Mustaine, Susan D.
Myers, Robert



Myers, William K.
Naar, Yolanda
Nashel, Jerry
Neary, Tom



Neff, Sandra L.
Neipp, Kathleen Susan



Nelson, Cinda Rae
Nelson, Richard
Neuder, Kathleen
Newman, Pat
Newman, William T. Jr.



Nichols, Candace L.



Nichols, Sharon Fulton
Nickel, James Otto
Norce, Ronald Francis
Norris, Gregory P.



Nosworthy, Laura
Nowacki, Diane
Nuhel, Elyse

Nuhfer, Barbara
Obrock, Jeffrey
O'Connor, Cindy
Ogle, Hugh J.



Ohl, Cynthia Marie
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Oles, Joel F.
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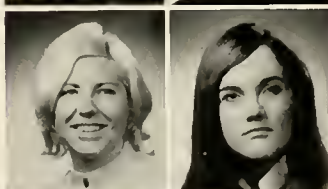
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O'Rourke, Dennis
O'Rourke, Patricia
Orr, Fred Walton Jr.
Orwig, Bob



Oster, June K.
Outhwaite, Susan
Pabst, Marie



Paes, Helen T.
Page, Lola Linda
Page, Peggy



Palisin, Barbara
Palmer, Curtis D.
Palmer, Tara
Panich, Karen





Paone, Charles
Panos, Joane
Park, Valerie



Parobek, Douglas A.
Patten, Patricia Carol
Patterson, Dennis
Patton, Charles L. Jr.



Pearson, Jane
Pennock, Charles A. Jr.



Perlmutter, Frima Joan
Pesta, James A.
Petenbrink, Nancy
Petrel, Jannine Bentz



Pevton, Margaret Ann



Peston, Robert C.
Phelps, William Michael
Phillips, Jeffrey Michael
Phillips, David



Phinney, James
Piening, Jon H.



Pisching, Barbara
Pletcher, John Allan
Pohlod, Lynn L.
Polinsky, Richard Allan
Pollio, Patricia Anne
Polomik, Kathie

Porter, Diane C.
Porter, Ted W.
Poryles, Martin
Posen, Paul Jr.



Powell, Anthony Thomas
Pratt, Jean Anne
Pray, Barbara A.



Prestanski, Harry Thomas
Prvor, Marianne
Puco, Richard



Quyen, Hua Dan
Radice, Dennis



Raker, Lynn
Rathhone, Anny Kilburger
Rattline, Thomas George
Ream, Lynda Sue



Redmond, Patricia J.
Reed, Dehorah
Reif, Melvin A.
Reich, Susan B.



Reiss, Myrna
Resnik, Marsha
Retherford, Suzanne



Reynard, Thomas P.
Reysen, Annelle
Rice, Richard





Richardson, Eric Lyon
Richardson, Warren B.



Richburg, Joseph Reginald
Ring, Beverly
Ringer, Deborah
Ripich, Laureen
Ripsom, Peter I.



Rish, Pamela
Ritchie, Joyce Ann



Rizzo, Frank C.
Robbins, Sherry A.
Roberts, E. Monte Tarpeh



Roberts, Martha G.
Robinson, Darlene Lyon
Robinson, Sandra J.
Robin, Sandra
Rodehauser, Rebecca



Roll, Thomas Anthony
Roney, Thomas W.



Roos, Carol E.
Rosenbaum, Michael



Rosenberg, Arnold
Rosenkranz, Mark Steven
Ross, Thomas
Roth, Harry Vernon
Ruehle, Patricia Jo

Ruggles, Daniel J.
 Rupe, Rita Kovalski
 Rush, David
 Ryan, Jane
 Rybak, Marilyn
 Rzewnicki, Runald



Sanders, Judy Marie



Sanders, Sandra L.



Sanor, David R.
 Santoro, Frank
 Sanzotta, Anthony
 Saracco, Thomas Rending
 Sarakatsannis, Melanie Jae



Saunders, Pamela Sue



Scarpitti, Christina M.



Scherr, Jay Harris



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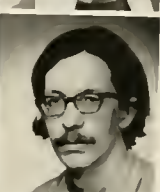




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Seng, Darlene
Sennhauser, Robert



Serretti, Carolyn
Sevried, Susan
Shatter, James C.



Shaklev, Dona
Shao, Daniel Kung-Chuen



Shatten, Kenneth
Shaw, Elaine A.
Shearer, Sherri
Sheffield, Lureen M.



Shelton, Nancy
Sheppard, James H.
Shevin, Nancy



Shulman, Stuart W.
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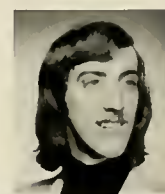
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 Sneed, Alan R.
 Snorton, Marles Sandra
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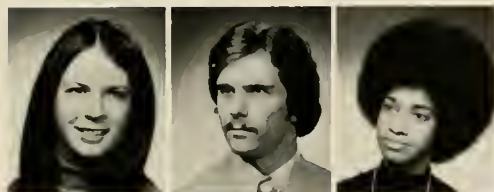




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Stage, Diane



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Stauffer, Charles C.



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Steiner, Kenneth
Stephens, Marjorie E.



Stevens, Richard A.
Stevenson, Bonnie
Stickel, Mark S.
Stiers, Paul Marion
Stiller, Sandra



St. John, Rita Ann
Stobhs, Brent Clark



Stoll, Dehra Sue



Stone, Sandra Lee
Stotter, Nan
Strand, Maribeth
Struckman, Carol Lyn
Sulzer, Mary Pat
Swaykus, Michael William



Swaiden, Mohamed
Swi, Muftah A.
Swinderman, Bradley Dale

Switzer, Susan M.
Tan, Lawrence Chang-On



Tate, Gene
Taylor, Mary Ellen



Teke, Ronald L.
Tennison, Linda



Terzian, Barbara
Tetrick, Sybil
Thang, Tran Cong
Thang, Vu Duc



Theiss, Donna M.
Thellmann, Mark



Thieken, Ann Theresa
Thomas, Ernest
Thomas, Merla
Thomas, Richard W.
Thome, Marie Ann



Thompson, Cath
Thompson, Guy Alan
Thompson, Joe
Thompson, Kim Allison
Thompson, Wayne Oliver



Thuma, Robert R.
Timmerman, Cheryl C.





Ikatch, James T.
Tomazic, James F.
Tomsic, Margaret



Tomson, Elaine Ann
Tooker, Steven Ray
Townsend, Leslee



Treen, Susan
Tri, Ha Thuc
Truax, Carol Jo



Tucker, Sheila Susan



Tull, Carolyn
Tuttle, David E.



Tvorik, Stephen J.
Twynham, Marsha Lee
Tym, Roy E.
Tysko, John L.



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Uniacke, Richard
Van Auker, Susan
Vanderhoot, Terry Lee



Van Wormer, Kathy S.
Vehar, A. Randall
Vessey, Joyce Ann

Vincent, Sheri
 Vlacanich, Bruno G.
 Voder, Michelle
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 Vosnak, Andrew John
 Vokovic, Thomas M.



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 Waligura, Phyllis Jean



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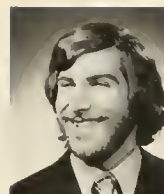


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Weisz, Ronald S.

Weitzenkorn, Steven David
Wendt, Charles H.

Wenmoth, Linda E.
Wessell, Richard W.

West, Bryan L.
West, Darryl Tyrone
West, Jan Etta
Wheeler, Elaine F.
White, Anita M.
White, David Leigh Jr.

Whitlatch, Linda L.
Wiegand, Denise Ann
Wiley, Susan K.
Wilkins, S. John III
Wilkinson, Susan
Willage, Marc

Williamowsky, Samuel David
Williams, David

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Williams, Jim

Williams, Judy E.
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Williams, Richard Maury
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Williamson, Diane F.
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Willis, Clement P.
Wilms, Lucy



Wilson, Linda D.
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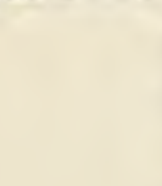
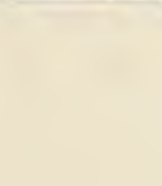
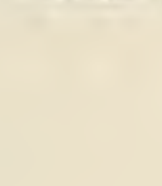
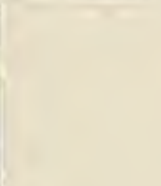


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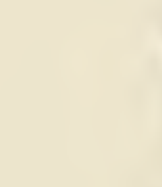
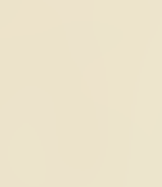
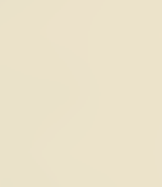
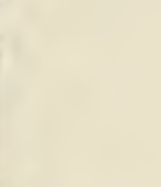




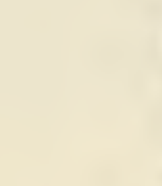
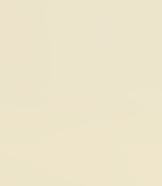
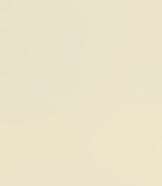
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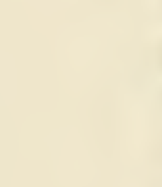
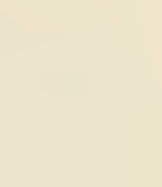
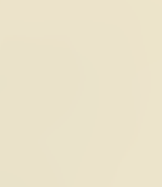
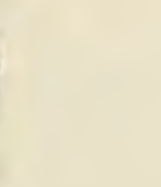
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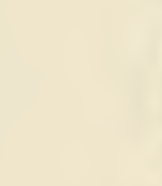
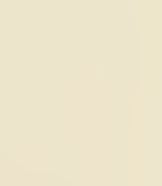
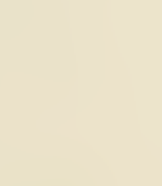
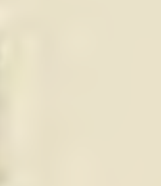
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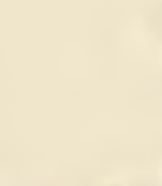
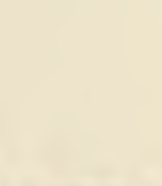
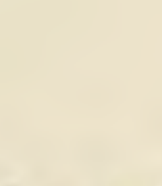
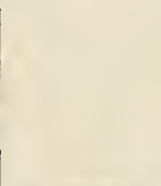
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Zay, Gary N.
Zeroski, Frank L.



Zeroski, Mary Ann
Zimmer, Suzanne
Zimmerman, Janel Lynn
Zimmerman, Nathan V.
Zisk, Mary
Zychowicz, Joseph A.

In closing . . .

Athens is a strange town, filled with contrasts and contradictions. On one hand it is a college town, with sophistication and culture, where concerts and art shows flourish and tastes run towards the modernistic. But at the same time Athens is a part of Appalachia, with all that label involves: poverty, squallor, strip-mined land and yet people filled with a proud determination.

It is this blend of life styles that makes Athens the place that it is. A place where people can learn to live and to live together; to share and help ones' neighbor, to see how the "other half" lives.

And so people come here, from all over the country, most for four years, some for longer. They come, and they bring with them different cultural characteristics and life styles. Most have the chance to grow during their stay in Athens, all are exposed to the opportunity.

What one makes of this opportunity is entirely up to themselves; no one can be forced to open up and explore new and sometimes drastically different attitudes and occurrences. But when measured on the scale of awareness, if such a thing can be imagined, the years spent in Athens may be the most important and far reaching time of one's life.

When it comes time to leave Athens, most are filled with a strange mixture of eagerness and regret. There's apprehension in striking out on ones' own and leaving the relatively safe and secure womb that is Ohio University. But all must do it sooner or later. Of course, one can always return, but it's never the same, never exactly how it is remembered. A fleeting remembrance of four years, too fragile to touch for very long and yet sturdy enough to last a lifetime.

Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, a place of dreams and drudgery, of love and hate, of poverty and affluence. "Athens, you're a fine mother for a child."







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